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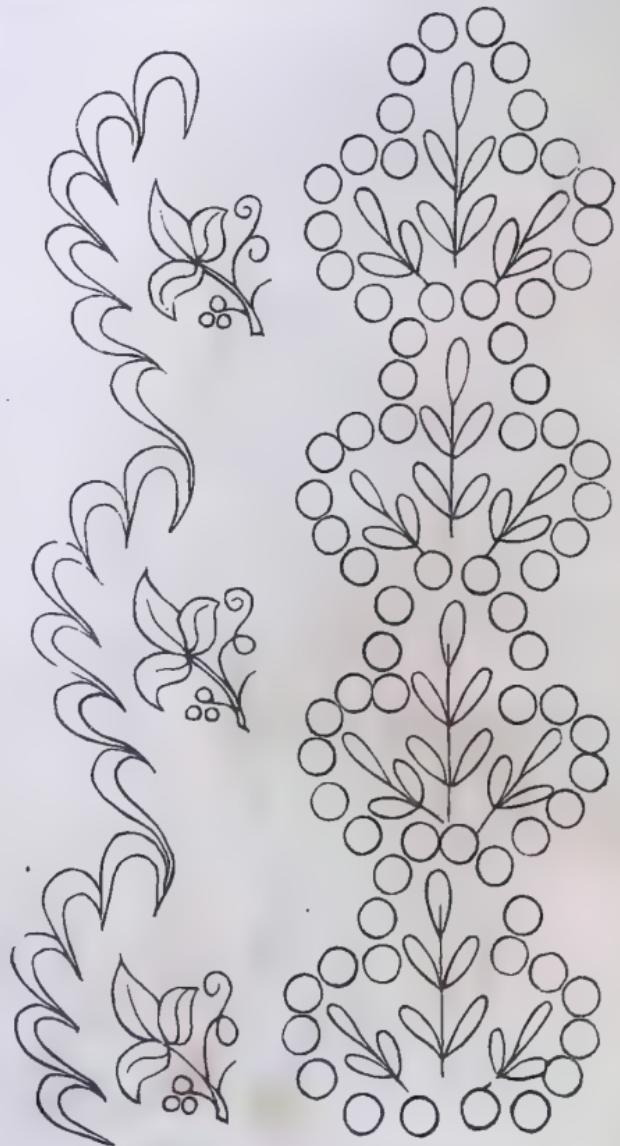
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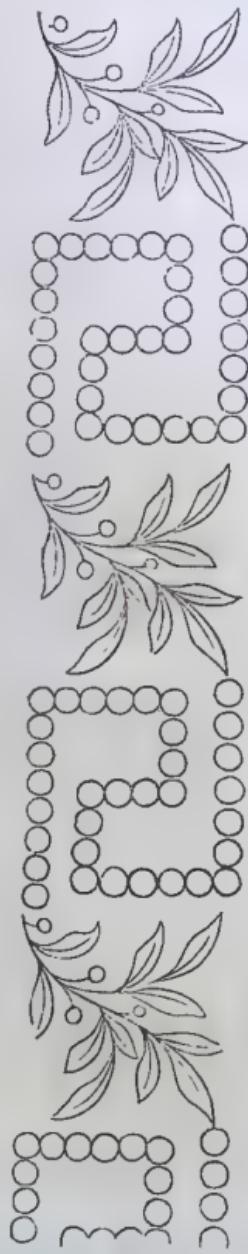
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NEW STYLES FOR SPRING HATS.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXVII.

PHILADELPHIA, MAY, 1875.

No. 5.

SILVIA SELDEN'S ENGAGEMENT-RING.

BY ELIZABETH HARMAN.

"OH, DEAR! what have I done?"

Silvia Selden had swallowed her beautiful pearl engagement-ring. Yes, actually swallowed it; and this was her exclamation.

There had been a wedding, and there was a bride in town, and everybody had been to call; every one but Silvia, and she, poor thing, had been making desperate efforts, but in vain. Everything seemed to be in the way, and everything to come at the wrong time.

On this eventful evening, however, Silvia made up her mind, that, come what might, she wou'd be laggard in the cause no longer, and that nothing should prevent the procrastinated visit.

So, hurrying through her tea, she rushed up stairs, and began to make her preparations.

The hands had at last arranged the golden locks, and given the final smoothing touch, and the water in the basin stood waiting for the last ripple from the rosy-tipped fingers, and the pearl that had played hide-and-seek among the ringlets, was waiting for removal, somewhere—for pearls and water are touch-me-nots, you know.

Now Silvia, in her haste, did not quietly take her ring from her finger, and lay it on her wash-stand, as she would have done at any other time; but, stooping down, she closed her teeth around her finger, as you and I have done before, and gently drew it off, holding it in the meantime in her mouth, while she placed her fingers in the water.

But, alas for Silvia, and alas for ring! whether in her absent-mindedness (for Silvia had been very absent-minded since her engagement) she forgot the ring was there; or whether, without any effort on her part, the ring quietly went the way that most things go, when in such quarters, she never could tell. All she knew was, that the ring had gone, and she shuddered as she experienced the sensation that proved it past recall.

For an instant she stood aghast. Never had

anybody been in such a predicament! Never before had anybody swallowed an engagement-ring! Clasping her hands, she burst into tears. What else could she do? Then, too, she might die! The last thought was overpowering. So, flying to the bell, she pulled it with all her might, until her mother and the servants came hurrying up.

"Send for a doctor," was all she could say. "Send quick, or I shall die. I have swallowed my engagement-ring."

Dr. Purcell was young and handsome, and had just commenced practice. He had seen more of the inhabitants of the town, consequently, in their parlors, than in his office; for, although his sign had been hanging out for a month, he was still waiting for his first case.

As good fortune would have it, the doctor was just taking his evening walk, which led him past Mr. Selden's door as the servant rushed out to call a physician. He was recognized, and dragged in, breathlessly.

Silvia Selden, in spite of having swallowed her engagement-ring, looked very pretty, as she lay with the golden sunlight just touching her golden hair, making her blue eyes more blue, and the transparency of her complexion more delicate, while the gauze-like fabric of white that floated around her but added to her ethereal expression.

The case was an unusual one, certainly. The doctor looked grave, and delivered his opinion gravely, as all doctors should do. But he said there was nothing to fear, and only recommended a few soothing drops. He thought, however, that there was something else unusual, that, in fact, the unusual loveliness of the patient was the most unusual thing of all. But then the engagement-ring! As he walked down the street, that idea haunted him. Would that he, who had given it, was as surely out of the way as the ring.

Dr. Purcell could not help smiling a little at

the episode, nevertheless: but then Silvia could not know this, and never should, he said to himself.

The next day the doctor called to see his patient. Silvia was down stairs, and looking as charming as ever. She was afraid, however, to look into the doctor's eyes, for fear she might discover a twinkle at the remembrance of yesterday's scene. But, no! the doctor was as gravely polite, and anxious as his position demanded; and after awhile she forgot her fear, and saw the eyes well enough to know that they were very brown, and very gentle and earnest; and then she found herself asking him to come again, when he began to apologize for the length of his visit, which had, indeed, extended far beyond those which physicians generally make.

Harry Wharton was Silvia's betrothed. He had been so for about a month before the loss of the ring; so that it had only added to the beauty of her hand for that length of time. Not that Silvia cared very much for Harry, but he amused her with his merry antics, and witty sayings, and she liked him. He was good-looking, too; and as it was the fashion to be engaged, Silvia had thought she could do no better, when Harry asked her, than to accept him. The wedding-day had not been fixed, but that made no difference. Silvia could wait very well.

She began to wonder now what Harry would think about the loss of the ring, and what he would say; for he would surely be there that morning. Would he laugh? If so, she could never forgive him. She could never marry him; no, never! If a woman knows she has made herself ridiculous in the eyes of any one, her lover especially, she is ready to swear mortal enmity.

"Dr. Purcell did not laugh, he was too polite to say the least; and then his eyes and his voice."

said Silvia, and she fell into a reverie, of which her eyes and voice formed the main ingredient.

Harry Wharton's voice startled her, while she was thinking thus. He came into the room, hastily, and exclaimed, in his loud, merry tones,

"I say, Silvia, is this true that I hear? Did you really swallow your engagement-ring? Well, I never! I heard it up town, and I've had lots of fun over it. Ho! Ho!" and he burst into a loud guffaw.

Lots of fun over it! Lots of fun over her! And then that loud, boisterous laugh!

Poor Harry! He could never know the effect of those words: Silvia could never forgive them. She had been very sensitive about her catastrophe, and to have been ridiculed—up town, too: and by the very one who should have shielded her!

She was very quiet on the subject, and after a while, she sobered Harry, too. Though she said nothing positively disagreeable, he began to feel that, somehow, he had made a mistake, and perhaps had better leave, until "the storm had blown over," as he expressed it.

But the storm never did blow over. Silvia soon found out that brown eyes were better than blue, and a low, gentle voice more musical than a loud one, even though the latter was merry. So, when Harry offered another engagement-ring, she declined it. "We have made a mistake," she said, still thinking of the day he had made sport of her.

But, by-and-by, a plain gold ring replaced the pearl one; and the giver was no less a person than Dr. Purcell.

Patients became plentiful, and practice fruitful; and with Silvia's love to smooth what might have been a rough pathway, life was very bright to them both.

MY SOUTHERN ISLE.

BY J. P. DODS.

And there upon its bosom lay
An Isle as green,
As o'er was seen,
To tint the sunny crest of May
A sunny, laughing, singing Isle,
With shelving shore,
Be-pebbled o'er;
That flashed and murmured all the while,
And all the while its perfume spread;
And all the while,
About my Isle,
Its curds sang and echoes lost

When mystic mists lay low the air,
And dreamily
Bathes tide and tree.
The weird still beauty of the world is there,
Ah! Isle of bird, and blossom, and song,
Sing merrily;
Laugh green and free,
And toss your beauties all along.
And all along, in time and tune,
Thy poet sings,
Returning spring,
Nor drier days than sunny June.

"THE QUEEN OF THE MAY."

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

AGNES MORLEY had returned from a long walk, and just before reaching the gate, which gave admittance to her pretty home, had stopped in the little bit of woodland, carpeted with daisies and long grass, that bounded the domain. She made a very charming picture as she stood there, watching the movements of a bird that had flushed by. Her right hand, which drooped idly at her side, held her hat. Her head was slightly thrown back and elevated, and rested on her left hand, the elbow of which was supported by the low branch of a blossoming tree, against which she leaned. Her tall, lissome figure, draped in the sliest of India muslins, an heir-loom from her great grandmother, was as virginal and pure as her half-rapt, half-pensive face.

Directly she turned, for the bird had disappeared, and looked out toward the distant mountains. Far below her, to the right, glimpses of a picture-que village showed through the trees that crowded the hill-side. A path led from the town up through the grove, and joined the high-road opposite the entrance to the house. When she had first stopped, Agnes had noticed a gentleman coming up the path, but he was too far off to be recognizable; and in the pause that followed, engrossed by watching the gayly-plumaged bird, and her beloved hills, she had forgot all about him.

But he had not forgotten her. He stood, lost in admiration of the beauty of this fair apparition, involuntarily saying to himself, "How lovely! A very 'Queen of the May,' amid her subjects trees and flowers!"

She was brought back to reality by the sound of foot-steps on the highway. She turned, instinctively, to look at this new comer. It was neither the Rector nor the lawyer, nor any one of the persons she might have expected to see. It was Norton Lansdale, who had not been visible in that part of the world for more than a year and a half.

Although she had not heard of his return, somehow she felt no surprise at the sight of him.

"Miss Agnes!" he called, hurrying forward, with his hand extended. And to himself he said, "So it is Agnes who is my 'Queen of the May.' How wonderfully beautiful she has grown."

She moved on a few steps to meet him, holding out her hand likewise, and uttering his name.

"I had not heard of your return," she said.

"I only reached home to-day," he replied, as they shook hands. "I hope you are not too much surprised to be glad to see me."

"You are welcome back," returned she, with a smile, which lent cordiality to her words. "Only last week the Rector and I were abusing you for neglecting us all so long."

"Very well, I am here now to put a quietus upon your evil tongues," said he, laughing.

"That will depend on how much aid you are prepared to give us in all our wonderful new plans," she answered, gayly.

"Oh, I know. I received a letter from the Rector just before I sailed. I was sure that the idea for the school at Welsh Mountain must be yours, because it was so good a one."

"Ah, don't think to stop my share of evil-talking by such arrant flattery," said she. "But come up to the house, and see the aunty. She will be delighted to welcome you."

"She is tolerably well, I hope."

"Yes, she has been rather better than usual. We went down to New York for awhile, and the trip did her good."

"Dissipated people!" cried he.

"That comes with a very bad grace from a vagrant like you," she retorted, "who have been doing the gay wanderer all over Europe for at least eighteen months."

They both tried to laugh; but both looked a little troubled and constrained, nevertheless. The same thought had started up in their minds simultaneously of how much each had lived through since they parted.

"It seems ages since I went away," Lansdale said, after a pause.

They had both been absently gazing out toward the hills. Both were thinking of the last time they had stood together at this very gate, only a few months before Lansdale went to Europe. Then Agnes had been leaning on the arm of George Hetherton, her betrothed husband, and close by Lansdale had stood her cousin Isabel Warner, to whom he had been engaged.

Now they two stood there alone; Agnes' affianced lover dead and buried; a gulf impassable as the grave between Norton Lansdale and the beautiful girl who had caused him such bitter sorrow.

But neither could express these thoughts which filled their minds, at least not now, though they had been friends from childhood. So the consciousness of them made a slight constraint between the pair, which they tried to put away by falling back on ordinary topics of conversation.

They walked on toward the house. It stood a goodly distance back from the road, half buried in vines and shrubberies; so they required some moments to reach it. Once brought out of their embarrassing silence, they talked as fast as possible about the everyday matters of the neighborhood: the new families who had come, what changes had taken place in the households of the old neighbors, the Rector's cough, the projected school at Welsh Mountain. Then they reached the veranda, entered the house, and Agnes led the way into the pretty drawing-room, where her aunt sat, and astonished that old lady by presenting the returned pilgrim.

Mrs. Trenton lived in a state of mild astonishment, and liked it. She was astonished from morning till night about something. If nothing of importance happened, she could be astonished at sleeping late, or getting up early, or having cauliflower for dinner in the summer, or hearing a thrush sing in May. I am sure the faculty was an enviable one; it made life very pleasant and interesting to her, and it rendered her so amiable to other people, that it really made the little woman's society quite a boon.

She was duly astonished at Lansdale's arrival; overjoyed too, for she was very fond of him; asked a great many questions, and was astonished by his answers, and then by her own questions, and was altogether as chirpy and quaint as an old robin.

"We dine early, you remember," Agnes said to her visitor; "but we can give you some tea."

Mr. Lansdale had dined early too on this particular day, whereat Mrs. Trenton was astonished. As a rule he owned he liked late dinners; the elderly bird was astonished again.

So they had tea; none of your fashionable, nonsensical bringing in of a tray into the parlor, but a sensible, old-fashioned meal, laid out in the prettiest possible dining-room, decorated with autumn flowers, well-lighted, and the table-furniture as dainty as fine linen and delicate china could be, and all sorts of delicious American dishes, hot biscuits, and sweet-cake, and preserves, to tempt the appetite, after one had done justice to the broiled chicken and cold tongue, and— But, really, when I recollect all the thousands of leagues of land and water which sweep between me and the possibility of enjoying just such a treat as Agnes offered her guest, I become too

melancholy to aggravate myself by further descriptions of that table.

They had a charming evening. Both Agnes and Lansdale forgot everything unpleasant, and only remembered how glad they were to meet again. He told about his travels; he produced sundry little presents, which he was an old enough friend to offer. Agnes sang him his favorite songs, and they were as happy as if they had never known a romance or a trouble.

Alone in her room that night, Agnes sat thinking of the past, nothing new in the way of a story, though I must tell it to you.

Norton Lansdale was twenty-eight now, and she was twenty-two. His home, a beautiful old place, was some five miles off, on the other side of the village. Their parents had been intimate friends—the two, in their early days, like brother and sister. Most people expected them to fall in love when they grew up; but nobody supposed there was any disappointment in the heart of either when their paths separated to separate for life.

That was Agnes' secret. When she was eighteen, she found she loved Norton, not as a brother, but with the love a girl gives to her first hero. Young as she was, she was strong, frank, a brilliant and full of emotion sense. She saw that he only regarded her as a sister. Instead of sitting down to moan over her blighted romance, she set to work to cure it, to live it through. Suffer! Of course, she suffered; but she was trying to do right—determined to believe like a rational being; and the good God helps men and women who act like that.

When Agnes was twenty, her cousin, Isabel Warner, came to spend six months with her and Mrs. Trenton. Little Ida fell readily in love with the girl: his first passion, eager and bold, whose a passion is apt to be. He proposed, and was accepted. Agnes was glad; yes, giddy; she rejoiced in their happiness. But Ida was lonely; she wanted to be loved, and the man or woman who does not, is a monster. George Hetherington had always been devoted to her—she had refused him twice. That summer he came up again from New York. He was a young man, full of intent and promise; but with scarcely a pure feeling in his nature, save his love for Agnes. He did not mean to be coarse or vicious, but he loved pleasure and excitement, and was dazzled by every pretty face he met, and the no firmness to resist temptation of any kind.

He came at the right moment. Agnes was solitary; he employed the plea most sure to touch her; his need of her. She was his guardian-angel—his guiding star; with her to hold his hand, he could tread the road of life steadily,

and go on to fame and fortune. Agnes was too young to know that the man who needs to be held up and supported along that rugged track, is not worth holding, and had better be left to tumble, nine times out of ten.

She accepted him. Norton and Isabel were delighted. The four spent such an autumn as could not easily be found out of a poem. Toward winter Norton and Hetherington went to New York; Isabel returned to her home in Baltimore; Agnes stayed in her quiet house, and dreamed of the future, and tried to deafen herself against sundry warnings from her soul, that she had made that saddest of all mistakes—chosen ill.

Before spring George Hetherington was mixed up in a most disgraceful divorce case, and other facts in regard to his dissolute habits came out. The husband obtained his freedom. George first wrote a penitent letter to Agnes, then married the woman, then blew his brains out—so his earthly career ended.

Just as she was in the midst of her trouble, Agnes learned that Lansdale had gone to Europe, Isobel to some relatives in the South. What the two had quarreled about she did not well know. Each believed the other false. So their dream died in blackness. Two years had gone, and now Lansdale and Agnes were once more thrown together in daily companionship.

It was the latter part of September when Lansdale returned, and he spent the whole autumn at his country-place. Everybody was delighted to have him back. Bassford—that was the name of the village—though quite a distance from New York was easy of access, on account of two great railroads meeting at that centre, and its neighborhood had become a favorite resort for the summer. Numerous hotels had sprung up within the last few years; scores of city people had erected villas or bought houses within a radius of a few miles; so that the township, except in the winter months, was really a gay one. This autumn the weather was unusually lovely, even for America; and the delicious Indian Summer seemed inclined to give no place to winter; so that the hotels and country-houses remained filled much later than was ordinarily the case.

So far as the feminine element was concerned—always an important one anywhere, in our country, thank God—Agnes Morley was one of the leaders throughout the whole county.

She had been early left an orphan, and the utter helplessness of that nice old bird, her aunt and former guardian, had forced Agnes to become a thinking, self-reliant woman, even in the first blossom of her girlhood. She was rich, and had an idea that she ought to make a good

use of the fortune intrusted to her. The Rector of Bassford was a sound, understanding churchman, and he and Agnes went hand-in-hand in their efforts.

But, perhaps, you will not care about all these details, though they are pleasant to me; so, let me get back to the matters which more particularly concern my narrative.

The autumn, I told you, was a gay one. There were daily festivities of one sort or another for weeks and weeks. Excursions and picnics, while it was warm enough; after that, dinners, parties, and balls at the Bassford Lyceum, where there was a jolly great room for dancing.

Agnes was persuaded to take a part in all the gaieties, and was astonished to find what a taste for dissipation she had suddenly developed. Not a party or dance did Norton Lansdale miss either, though he was a traveled man, who might be supposed to be *blase*, and, what was more, he enjoyed the pleasures hugely, and never once thought of attempting the *nil admirari* line, which traveled people often feel bound to do, and thereby render themselves blatant idiots and public cursers, who ought to be shut up in asylums, or else suppressed by Act of Congress.

But even November waned at last, and though the weather was still lovely, there followed a general exodus. People felt it their duty to return to town, though they grumbled at the necessity. Norton Lansdale departed among the others, but he openly declared that if he were not imperatively summoned on account of business—he had a lot of Western lands which were to be sold to some company—he should consider himself worse than a lunatic for going.

Agnes Morley remained in her home. She seldom went down to New York, unless it might be for a short season toward the end of Lent, just to have the enjoyment of daily church-service, and the like. But all winter long, though ostensibly established in town, Lansdale was constantly finding cogent reasons for coming back to his country-place; and what with one thing and another, spent more time at Bassford than he did in New York.

Whenever he was at his country home he proved a daily visitor at Agnes' house. There was always some pretext, either something the Rector wanted done, or the schools at Welsh Mountain, (now started and flourishing,) or when excuses failed, he flung himself boldly on Agnes' mercy, and told her he had come to spend the day or the evening, as it might be, because he could not endure the solitude of his great mansion, the grandest dwelling anywhere to be found in that part of the State.

Well, my dears, (I mean you, my young lady-readers, we have known each other so long that your mothers will not object to my being a bit confidential,) you know what is coming perfectly well, so I may as well make my history brief.

The day came, a bright, golden day, toward the end of February, when Norton Lansdale mounted his horse, and rode over to the Hill Cottage, with a well-defined and thoroughly settled purpose in his soul.

Just as if she had known his errand in advance, and had been properly astonished therat, good Mrs. Trenton marched out of the house shortly before his appearance, telling Agnes, as she passed the library, where that young lady sat writing letters, arrayed in the prettiest of morning-gowns, and looking as fresh as a spring violet, that she was going to inquire how her friend, Mrs. Waterford, found herself that lovely day.

"For," said the old bird, "if her neuralgia is not better in this beautiful weather, I shall be astonished. My dear, I interrupted you, did I not? You are writing letters—how odd."

"Yes; but you don't interrupt me," said Agnes.

"You astonish me! Good-by," and off she trotted, just like a robin, two hops, a skip, then a pause, till it made one sure she had been a bird in some former stage of existence, and paused from some unrecognized idea of looking for stray crumbs. Then another hop, and she was out of sight. Agnes, being in a vagrant, fanciful, foolish mood, that morning, sat wondering if the old dear had found the crumb.

She was roused from her absurd reverie, (I am quite ashamed to have been obliged to chronicle it,) by the opening of the door, and in walked Norton Lansdale, unannounced.

"The servant told me you were here," said he, "so I ventured to find my way without ceremony."

"Oh yes, when visitors are told I am in this room, that means they may come in if they like," said she.

"Then I'd rather you would go with me into another apartment," returned he, coolly.

"So I will;" she answered, rising.

"Because I have something to say to you," he added.

"And I to you," she replied. "I should have sent for you if you had not come without."

He looked at her in a little surprise. She was rather pale; but never in his life had he seen such a beautiful smile on her lips, such a heavenly light in her eyes, as he saw now. She met his glance bravely, and added,

"It is a pity to stop in-doors. Come out, and

let me show you my crocuses. I put on a walking-dress expressly. You see I had a premonition of your visit."

"I am glad you had," he replied, with a gravity which did not correspond to her playful words; but she did not appear to notice it.

She gathered up her papers, and laid them away in the table-drawer with an orderliness natural to her, first selecting a letter which she put into her pocket.

They reached the door. He was holding it open for her, looking out at Ponto, the great Spaniel, comfortably established on a mat in the hall, by way of giving himself a countenance.

It was as well he was not looking at her; she had suddenly turned deathly white, and the hand which was fastening her mantle trembled convulsively.

"I have something to do first," she said, in a perfectly firm voice. "Go on to the crocus-bed, down beyond the green-house, and wait for me." He had unexpectedly grown terribly nervous, and was glad of this brief reprieve; so he bowed, and passed on out of doors.

Agnes hurried through the library into a little snugger beyond, and locked the door. Then she took from her pocket the letter, opened, read it again, fell upon her knees, and prayed fervently. As soon as she looked in his face, she had known what errand had this morning brought Norton Lansdale into her presence. Now she was praying to God for strength to resist temptation. If she desired it, the love held in her hand she could have Lansdale's love; nay, she could make him utterly forget the old dream. If she could do it! But she could not. The devils had been permitted to tempt her; but never during a single moment of that awful night—oh, what a night of agony it had been!—had they been able to obtain the least dominion over her pure soul.

She prayed; not a word escaped her lips, but she prayed with all the passion of her mortal heart, all the strength of her noble spirit. She only remained there a few seconds. He heard, and answered Nehemiah's prayer in his heart, even than that. Then she rose, and hastened forth to meet Norton Lansdale.

He was walking up and down by the flower-bed, occasionally touching a leaf or trailing a flower, because he knew her hand had touched it. He saw her, and came quickly forward to meet her; not nervous now, notwithstanding that with a holy calm in his soul, such as you may in one moment of unusual blessedness have felt when you were entering a church.

"Agnes!" he said, when he was close to her.

"Agnes!" He did not know that he called her name. It was just the cry of his inmost soul uttering without his being aware that one word which held and rounded into perfection all of life's happiness.

She was perfectly calm; glad; too glad; for it had pleased God to accept her sacrifice—to let the restoration of his peace come through her. Could existence have offered a higher boon, to her, a woman?

She held the letter in her hand; she extended it toward him.

"What is it?" he asked, rather impatiently. "I can't read letters just now. I want to tell you something first."

"But I want you to read the letter first," she answered; and again she smiled as her eyes met his, and he was conscious of thinking that, when she went away to be an angel, she would look as she did now. But he wanted her all woman at this moment—no angel; so he cried in his masculine impatience,

"You tease me! I cannot be played with! Agnes, listen!"

"Norton, listen!" she said, so solemnly, in a voice of such unearthly sweetness, that he stood silent with a feeling almost of awe. "Read that letter. It has pleased God to let me be the instrument of letting you know that you have found your happiness again. Read it, and let us thank Him together."

He took the sheet she had opened, and was holding it out; took it with a sudden rush and whirl dizzying his brain; took it, and read with eyes that swam and ached, the truth in regard to what he had believed the perfidy of his former love.

One extract will suffice to make you understand.

"Only last week, Agnes, I was told that it seemed likely Norton Lansdale would marry. I want you to offer him my heartfelt congratulations and hopes for his future happiness. I want, too, that it should be you who tell him that at last I have learned I erred in doubting him. I refused to believe that he had written to me that time I sat at home expecting him, and saw him ride by with Mrs. Morris. Only yesterday his letter was returned to me from the Dead Letter Office. Think of that! I want you to tell him that I never flirted with Hoffmann; that I only went to the masked ball because I was so mad. I wanted to do what I thought would enrage him most. I write in great haste, but I love you dearly, and am always your affectionate cousin,

"ISABEL."

"P. S.—I find that, in my hurry, I have for-

gotten to tell you the very thing which personally concerns me the most nearly, which, I am sure, my darling girl will be glad to hear."

Then the sheet ended; the rest of the postscript had been continued on a separate page, which, in her hurry, Isabel had forgotten to put in the envelope along with the letter.

Norton Lansdale read, and stood dumb. He heard Agnes' voice, but could not catch her words through this rush and whirr in his brain. He was ghastly white: his eyes looked dead and cold. She thought him overcome by the sudden news, unable to realize that once more he had his love and his happiness within his grasp.

"It is all true, Norton," she said; "all true! And Isabel loves you: has never ceased to love you, and to be true. You can see that. Oh, my friend, I am thankful."

"What am I to do?" he groaned. "I can't think! Agnes, think for me. Tell me what I must do?"

"Go to her at once."

"Where? Florida?"

"No, no!" she answered. "Isabel is back in Baltimore. Look at the address."

But he only stared dumbly at her instead.

"You have just time to get home, pack a valise, and reach the station. Go—go, at once."

"Go?" he repeated.

"Yes! yes! Go!"

"I must," he muttered. "It is right; I must."

She did not catch his words; she only thought he was dizzy yet, from sudden happiness. She wanted him gone; her strength was ebbing; she must be alone.

"Go!" she repeated. "Take my best wishes and prayers with you. God bless you both. Go!"

She knew that he held her hand for an instant; that his glazed eyes looked into hers; that his lips tried to frame words which they could not utter; still she believed it was all excess of joy. Then he was gone.

You and I may well pray that Heaven in its mercy will keep us from such suffering as Agnes Morley lived through during the next three days and nights. She had exhausted her strength in that work of renunciation—the grandest work God gives to any human being. The weary soul sank down helpless, and the mad human heart cried out in its blind anguish, and struggled and fought till her physical frame was worn and spent as if by a long illness.

During the third day Agnes was too weak to rise from her bed; and poor old Mrs. Trenton so frightened, that, for the first time in her life, she was past astonishment, nearly went out of her

GEORGIA.

BY MARIETTA HOLLEY.

CHAPTER I.

WHEN Georgia Allston became convinced that Allan Graham was not only false to her, but was a very bad man, she did not die. She did a much worse thing for a woman to do: she married a man she did not love.

But not by her own will. It was to please her Aunt Eleanor, who had cared for her since her motherless youth. In fact, I think that she was so tired out, that she had no strength to resist. Her aunt's long lectures upon the worldly triumph and victory of the match, the appeals to her pride, the unceasing, persuasive arguments, and the tearful pleadings, wore Georgia finally out. And then she was very young; younger at seventeen than many old young ladies are at twelve.

Thorndyce Harding, for the year past, indeed ever since Georgia had come out in society, had been her persistent and patient suitor. But he had met with but little encouragement, for she held the handsome, fascinating face of Allan Graham so near her heart, that it quite hid the rich old banker's money-bags. But Mr. Harding was a man who boasted that he never relinquished an undertaking; that was always successful in the end, however hopeless his cause might seem at first. And Aunt Eleanor was a woman who might have swayed kingdoms, had fate made her a prime minister, instead of the childless guardian of sweet Georgia. Upon her future she expended all her rare powers of diplomacy with success.

Mr. Harding and Aunt Eleanor were both wise, and bided their time. The very day after Allan Graham's engagement to the beautiful Southern heiress was announced, Mr. Harding sent out invitations to a large dinner-party, the first entertainment at his new up-town palace. All the kings and queens of Sheba, and the beautiful young princesses, were bidden to approach, and behold the glory of the house he had builded. And they came, an admiring crowd; and if there were no apes and peacocks in the train, as in the old time, there were those that resembled them sufficiently for all modern purposes. But they found that, as much as they had heard of the marvels of this mansion, the half had not been told them. And his old business friends drooped their bald heads in humiliation of soul; the new mansion so far exceeded the grandeur of their

own costly abodes, that there was indeed no spirit in them. But the dowagers, who had beautiful young daughters, still kept heart. Might not the good fortune be possible, they said to themselves, wagging their ancient heads, that the master of all this grandeur would deign to choose their own loveliest and most charming daughter, and, by so doing, make her the envied of all?

When Georgia, a sweet, pale little vision, in white lace and blos-soms, went up into the drawing-room, by the side of her Aunt Eleanor, the bronze knight in armor, at the foot of the broad stair-case, holding aloft his glittering spear, crowned with flame, seemed an impartial knight, courteously lighting all ladies, but not having any particular claim upon any of them. But when she went down again, upon the arm of her host, following Aunt Eleanor's garnet drapery, who swept ahead of them, seemingly making their path straight with her triumphant glances, then this knight watched her, it seemed to Georgia, with stormy, silent eyes, and in them she read, "You may go out now, but you will come back again. I shall wait here for you. I am calm, and cold, and inexorable; you cannot escape me."

For, in the conservatory that night, amidst all the bloom and perfume, the dreamy light, the murmur of fountains, and the delicious music sobbing in the distance, Aunt Eleanor won the victory. The bud she had so faithfully watched and tended, blossomed; and Thorndyce Harding gathered it to wear upon his bosom. It was a marvelously pale and drooping little blos-som to reward such vigilant gardening as Aunt Eleanor's; but he seemed content; triumphing not so much to some men as love. In fact, it was sweet to him, for he was a man who cared but little for love, having always been in the banking line, and not at all given to sentiment. Indeed, during the years that other men are supposed to see visions, and dream dreams, he had been so engrossed in money-getting, that he had not had time to attend to his heart at all, and it was supposed to suffer in consequence; it had become ossified, people said, and wonderfully contracted.

Years and years back, when he was a poor clerk, Thorndyce Harding had had a heart; and it had seemed to him a large and warm place, large enough to hold a sweet, girlish figure; and

it had been glorified and transfigured into a heaven by it—another Paradise, holding a newly-created Eve. But she he loved was poor, and there had come a time when he had opened the door of the heart she had warmed and brightened so wondrously, and shut out the girlish figure, and took in its place cold-eyed Prudence. And worldly prudence had proven a very profitable guest financially; but oh! how cold and freezing she was. She had quite frozen his heart, as we said. It had grown as cold and hard as the marble, that had for many years risen over the girlish figure.

Yes, it was altogether too late for him to do anything with his heart. But now, when he had arrived at the age of sixty, and the reputation of being the richest man in the city, now he could afford to rest from his labors, and look about him, and set up a splendid establishment.

He could afford the best of everything; the grandest mansion, the swiftest horse, the handsomest wife, and all things on a brilliant scale. He had made arrangements for his mansion, his equipage, and his other personal property, excepting this wife, on the most magnificent scale; and he was looking about him critically for a face lovely enough to do honor to its surroundings; and the first minute that he set his rather cold grey eyes on Georgia's sweet rose of a face, he determined that she, and no other, should be his wife. As we have seen, he conquered in the end, and conquered through the influence of Aunt Eleanor.

Aunt Eleanor had always ruled Georgia since the child-days when she commanded the nurse to braid her abundant hair in two long braids from the perfect brow, when the little maid would have been glad to have had it float in its native, curling masses of spun gold.

Georgia was not strong-minded at all. Indeed, she was not gifted with any remarkable powers of intellect. Only she was very sweet, very affectionate, very loving-hearted, and easily influenced by those she loved. Ah, how needful for such tender natures, that the hand that guides them should be pure and white, as well as strong.

After Georgia had discovered Allan Graham's falsehood and baseness, and his utter want of principle, when she found that, like the heathen, she had been worshiping as a God a mass of very vile clay, then, had Aunt Eleanor given her time to recover from the first shock, the keen bitterness of her disappointment and agony, there might, on the ruins of her old, shattered idol, have arisen a fairer structure. Some true and purer love might have come, to make her life

blessed and beautiful. But Aunt Eleanor pursued the course which she thought was best. Georgia's loving, dependent nature was like clay in her hands, and Aunt Eleanor moulded it to suit herself. But a letter, which Georgia wrote about this time to her best friend, the one to whom she had always revealed her heart's secrets, will show what chance she had for happiness.

This friend, Marion Winslow, had been Georgia's pet room-mate at school, and, though school-girl affection is usually a snow-chain, melting rapidly away in the world's storm and sunshine, their love continued warm and sincere. Georgia left school to be a beauty and a belle, while Marion, losing parents and property, was governess to two motherless little girls. But still, surrounded as she was by flattery, adulation, and gay young companions, who were pleasure-seekers like herself, no one was so near to the warm-hearted Georgia as her "dear old Marion." And to her she continued, as in the old school days, to reveal all her troubles and joys, certain, at least, of Marion's loving sympathy. And to Marion Georgia was, as of old, the sweetest and dearest of girls.

It is not necessary to repeat all of Georgia's letter; but only the part that refers to her marriage.

"You know that statue of Clytie, Marion, darling, that stands on the staircase-landing near my room. You know I always told you it looks just like you. And, last night, when I went up to bed, I kissed it, and cried over it, just as if it had been you; for, dear girl, it is all settled, and I am to be married to Mr. Hardling next month. But I said to her, just as I would to you, 'I am going to be happy, after a little time.' But it seemed so strange, that night, to sit and think of it in my room alone. I burned all of Allan's notes that he ever wrote me, and some withered snow-drops that he put in my hair, that night, down by the lake; for I thought it was wrong to wear on my finger the betrothal-ring of another, and keep his letters. But as I watched them turning to ashes, I sobbed aloud, and I couldn't help it. But it was right, wasn't it, Marion? I think it will help me to forget him, and I must forget him when I am married. Auntie says I will, for I did as you advised me. I told her all about it. And she said that every girl had her foolish dreams and fancies; that life was real and practical, and must be met practically and wisely. And she said the love of a good, sensible man, who will gratify all my wishes, and be good and kind to me, will make

me forget all this foolishness, and make me contented and happy.

"She talked so much to me, and I was so tired, tired out—and she loves me so well; of course she knows what will be best for me, and so, to please her, I have let it be as she wished. Though, at first, I said I would never consent, and begged of her to give me time, time to forget. For, since I have learned how bad Allan is, I would never dare to trust myself in his hands; would never, never marry him—still I cannot forget him. And I know you would pity me, darling, if you knew how many times I sob myself to sleep, thinking of him. Then, sometimes, I dream that he is with me, close to my side, and I am looking up into his face. Last night I dreamed it. And he laid his hand on my forehead, as he used to, sometimes, and smiled down on me, and I said to him, 'Oh, Allan, I thought you were dead.' I said it aloud, and my voice woke me, and it all came back to me—all the heartache, all the wrong. For I know it is wrong to think of him, now. But auntie says, when I am once married, I will forget him. Of course, auntie knows. And I must, of course; I shall, for I shall be a married woman, and it will be wicked for me to think of him.

"We are going to have a grand wedding, and though you know well how I love you, Marion, I don't want you to come to it, because I can't see you now. After a little while I shall be glad to have you. We are going to Europe at first, and shall stay a year; but after that, after I get strong and happy, then, my dearest girl, you must come to me for always. I am going to have a room in my house on purpose for you. Nobody else shall ever sleep in it. I shall call it your room, and when you come to stay with me, we will be happy, for you must never leave me again. You must never dare to love any man so well as you love your own little girl.

"Your bad little girl,

"GEORGIA."

CHAPTER II.

GEORGIA ALSTON, and Thurndyce Harding were married in the Church of the Messiah, in the presence of a large and admiring crowd of the *elite*. Indeed, as the fashion papers well said, in their lengthy notices, it was "the largest, and most aristocratic, and most fashionable wedding of the season."

The Church of the Messiah is a grand structure, an imposing pile of snowy marble, carving, gilding, and stained glass. Dedicated, with many loud words, to Him, the tenderest, and

most pitiful heart; it is still far too grand a place for the poor, who were His closest friends upon earth.

Indeed, if the poor enter at all, they shrink in like menials, afraid of a repulse, and glad of the lowest place. But the rich and the proud, who once rejected Him, come in boldly, like expected guests, sure of a welcome. Glad in purple and fine linen, they meet often together, and kneel upon the soft cushions, and thank God they are not like others. And when they hear Christ's words read, His denunciations of the pride and pomp of the ooden city, they blantly draw comparisons in their own mind, very unfavorable to Jerusalem, and very favorable to New York.

And, above all, do they congratulate themselves upon the purifying of God's temple, that the tables of the money-changers are actually overthrown, and the seats of those who sold doves. Selling doves in God's temple, indeed! Well might God's vengeance descend! Well might the veil of the temple be rent, that had witnessed such terrible and shameless iniquity. How fortunate, they say to themselves, to be born in this purer age, where money-changers do not the sacred walls, and doves aren't blind in temple.

The tables where the doves were sold, have, ages ago, crumbled to dust—the wicked, money-lovers are long buried in Jewish tombs. The broad aisles of the temple are free. There is nothing to prevent the long train of Mr. Alstons from passing up to the piano nobile. Nothing to hinder the free progress of the sainted mother, and the respectable, gray-haired, father from drawing near, to look blandly and approvingly through their gold glasses, to see youth and beauty wedded to shriveled and tottering millionaires, to behold parity and innocence joined till death parts them, to opulent and titled Villany.

Georgia Alston and Thurndyce Harding were married in the Church of the Messiah. Many things might have been read in Georgia's dove-like eyes. But in Aunt Eleanor's there was only triumph and gratified pride. For to her it was very truthfully ascribed all the honor of this glorious victory. Now, the scheming old duchesses might droop their long ostrich feathers, and their dyed locks, in sad despair, and let out their vanquished daughters, who, in this great matrimonial prize-lottery, had drawn a blank. She had married her adopted daughter to the richest man, the greatest catch in the city. The wretchedness, the uncertainty of life was past. Georgia was safe—Georgia was married.

The year of their bridal tour passed away, and Mr. Harding and his beautiful wife were settled in their brown-stone palace. But not alone. For

the maiden sister of Mr. Harding, who had always lived with him, lived with him still. She had thin lips, and eyes that were never still, but forever roving and restless. She was one of those cat-like women, who can sheathe their claws with velvet upon occasions. She did, when she met her brother's wife, who had come to displace her in her position of mistress of that great mansion. But the strange instinct God gives us, in common with lower intelligences, warning us of danger, taught Georgia that the claws were there.

During the year of their absence abroad, Allan Graham had returned. His engagement to the Southern heiress had been broken off, in some way, most likely by his misconduct. But Miss Harding, who was a sort of leader in society, suddenly formed a very great friendship for him, and spared no pains to throw her sister-in-law in his society. Could it be that she was envious of Georgia's fresh young beauty, jealous of her, and her influence over her brother, and wished to draw her into some indiscretion that would lower her in his estimation? Perhaps she loved to see the frightened, piteous look of the soft, brown eyes, and the pallor that would creep over the sweet face, in spite of all her efforts at self-control, as she listened to the voice once so dear.

Allan Graham's despairing, lover-like glances, and silent words, dropped at just the right moment by Miss Harding, began at last to tell. The poison began to work. And Georgia began to be watched by keen-eyed gossips.

Poor little Georgia! She was an innocent, soft-hearted child, formed for love and happiness, but she had fallen upon evil ways. She avoided Allan Graham, or tried to avoid him. But she was too proud to show that she dared not meet him, and listen to his common remarks. They met constantly in society, and one night, at a party, he managed to tell her that the story of his engagement was utterly false. With what unuttered agony and pleading in his handsome, false eyes, he did it, I know not. He was a most despicable villain, although a very handsome and fascinating one; and he stopped at nothing when he had an end to gain.

Georgia left him, before he had time to add anything to his confession; but that night, after she had lain her throbbing head upon her pillow, she spoke out to herself.

"I don't love him! I don't love him!" she cried. "I am a married woman, and it would be wicked. I don't love him!" she repeated, and great tears rolled down her face silently, and fell upon her pillow. The curtains were drawn from the window, and the moon looked full upon her. Was it the same moon she had walked under

once? Then it seemed to understand her happiness; its white light enwrapped her like a mantle of bliss. Now it seemed far away, and cold, and pitiless. It had no sympathy for her life, so hard, and so hard to understand.

She rose, walked to the window, and looked out. What a great, empty world it was, after all! And she was not nineteen. How many, many years she had got to live. Though, maybe, if her heart ached as it did to-night, she wouldn't have to live so long, after all.

She knew her husband was writing in the library, and so heart-hungry was she, that she thought, perhaps, if she should go to him now, and tell him how lonely, and tired-out she was, how afraid she felt for herself, he might show her some sympathy. If he only looked kindly on her, and spoke to her gently, she could get courage, and would tell him all; yes, all. She would confess the wrong she had done him in marrying him; she would tell him how wretched she was, how weak she felt; she would beg of him to take her somewhere, into the country, anywhere, away from the daily torture of his sister's presence; away from Allan Graham—away from temptation.

So she threw a crimson wrapper over her white, night-dress, and went down. She opened the library-door, with a somewhat fearful face, and went in. Her husband was writing. His back was to her, and he did not notice the opening of the door; and she went up to him timidly, and stood beside him, before he was aware of her presence. He was adding up a hard-looking column of figures; but he turned quickly as he felt the timid touch of her hand on his shoulder.

"Mrs. Harding!" he said, sharply. "Ah! what is the matter?"

"Nothing, Thorndyce, only I was so lonesome, so—"

She stopped, suddenly, and tears began to gather in the great, dark eyes.

He answered, coldly,

"It is very imprudent in you to be up at this hour, and in your delicate health, too—very imprudent. You had better return to your own room immediately. I have a great deal of writing to do, to-night, and must work for several hours yet. If you are afraid, have your maid to stay with you."

"Oh, Thorndyce, mayn't I stay? Let me: I won't hinder you. Let me stay a little while."

"Why, certainly, if you prefer it. But take this easy chair by the register, it is warmer here."

And, with perfect politeness, Mr. Harding rose and drew the velvet-cushioned chair into a more favorable position. He then resumed his writing.

But pretty soon she came to him again.

"Thorndyce, let me sit by you here, on this cushion," she said.

She sat down by the side of his great Cothorn arm-chair, as she spoke, and, clasping her hands over the arms of it, laid her hand down upon them. It was not fire-warmth, but heart-warmth, she was longing for. But she had come in vain, if she expected to find it there. Mr. Harding was polite, but very, very cold. It would be difficult, indeed, to kindle any warm, household blaze in that selfish, frozen soul. He did not take the poor little hands into his own, or draw the pretty brown head nearer to him, saying foolishly fond words, that to such loving natures are better than wisdom. No, he did nothing of this; and neither did he say anything rude, or at all discourteous.

"You will excuse me, if I go on with my writing?" was what he said.

"I don't disturb you, do I?"

"Oh, no, certainly not. Let me see, ninety-seven is, in eleven thousand, how many times—"

She evidently did disturb him, though he was too polite to admit it. So she was still, as might be, with her hands clasped across the cold, slippery leather of the arm-chair, and her face resting upon them. She had no thought, now, of opening her heart to him. No, she could not distract his cold, mathematical calculation with any story of heart-sorrow or heart-need.

After a while she changed her position slightly, and looked up in his face with her great troubled eyes.

What did she read in his face, that she studied it so intently? Certainly no graybeard in cruelty, nothing of the kind. Cold and inflexible it was, but nothing cruel or malicious. Not bad looking, either; indeed, quite good-looking, for one of his age. So, at least, all the old downers had said when speaking to their unmarried daughters, and so Aunt Eleanor had called it.

And all that Aunt Eleanor had prophesied, and planned, and plotted for, had blossomed—and this was the flower. Oh, if Aunt Eleanor had only been there, at that moment, to have beheld its rare beauty.

What was there, in those large, troubled eyes, as she looked up in her husband's face, in the still, midnight hour? What was it?

Was it a thought of the mockery of her splendid surroundings, of the lie she was living daily, of the purity and innocence forever left behind her? Could it be that this fair, sweet young creature, sitting in her silken dressing-gown, in that luxurious, sheltered home, by the side of:

her lawful husband—could it be that she felt, in her heart, that her place was not there; that she had sold herself for a price; that she had no right to look on herself as other and loving wives did? Could it be, that, in dreaming of the possible future, of childish lips that should call her mother, of a head that should nestle closer to her heart than any other—could it be that she shrank in spirit from this thought, which other fair young wives delight in, shrank from the pretty image? Strange things might have been read in her eyes, in the silence of that midnight hour. Was there a wild dream of escaping, in some way, from this life of soul-degradation? Was there a fear for herself, a horror of her future?

Ah! God did for her better than she thought! For does not He have us always in His heavenly keeping?

CHAPTER III.

About five months later Georgia wrote another letter to her faithful Marion.

"DEAR MARION—My own little baby has come to make me a better woman. And you don't know how much love she has brought with her. It is a little girl. I was sorry at first, for the world seems a hard place for a woman. I believe they love more than men do, and I think those who love most are the most sorrowful. Don't you think so, too, darling? I am going to call her Maud Marion, after my mother, you dear. She is lying here, in her little crib, close by my bed. I will love her all the time where I can see her.

"It seems as if I can never live and thought again, with that pure little face looking into mine. How I want to see you, Marion! I wish my baby the dearest name it could have. If there were any one but you, I would think it almost unkind for you to refuse to come to me, when I urged you so earnestly. But as soon as baby gets to notice things, I will show her your picture, and tell her all about you are, and how much I love you. And you will love my baby, won't you, darling?

"Nurse says I mustn't write any longer. They are all good to me. My husband is as kind as we can be. He kissed me once, when he came in, and saw baby on my arm for the first time. Somehow, it made me cry. I don't know why it should make my heart ache so, but it did.

"Nurse will make me stop. Oh, Marion, my darling, darling girl, love always,

Your own GEORGIA."

When Mrs. Harding appeared in society again,

she looked more like an angel than ever, her admirers said. She was an angel, if ever one was. She went abroad, constantly "doing good." She had always been merciful and charitable; but now, the poor, the despised, the fallen, seemed a sacred legacy given to her. Her face, of old so gay and cheerful, of late so sorrowful, seemed daily to ripen, and grow divine in expression. Sorrowful it still was, but it was the sorrow of those faces that had seen the risen Lord.

On one of her tours of mercy, she found a woman, sick and half-starving, the story of whose life possessed a strange interest for her. The woman had been a pretty, innocent country girl, who from childhood had been a drudge in the family of a relative, and who had never known home or love, in their true sense. To this lonely heart came a gentleman, with all the fascinations of an angel. He had obtained board in her uncle's family for one summer, and he began by covertly expressing his pity to the poor child. She had a beautiful face, but no strength of will. Why dwell on what followed? It was the old, old story; old as sin; old as woman's recklessness, blind devotion; old as man's perfidy.

Lately she had half starved by doing sewing for the shops, and her hard toil, her scanty food, fatigue, all combined, had laid her upon a bed of sickness. And the charity of the city was very cold. It was thus that Georgia found her. "Sick and in prison," indeed, and Georgia visited her.

Georgia's tears fell like rain upon the woman's wasted face, as she bent low down to hear the faint voice tell the story of her ruined life. And beneath these tender, pitying tears, and the touch of the gentle hand upon the poor, bowed head, the crust of hardness and defiance melted away from the woman's heart, and she wept a flood of remorseful tears.

And Georgia wept with her, as she told her pitiful tale.

"He soon grew tired of me," the woman said. "Will I bat my pretty face to win any man's love? And when I gave my girlish freshness and bloom to the little face that lay at last

on my bosom; dear to me, oh, so dear! because I could see his image in it, he grew tired of me; and that was death to me. Though I should live a thousand years, my life, my heart, died then. So I left him, before he turned me away, leaving the money he would have given me. Great God above! Money! to fill the heart he had broken, emptied of all its happiness and peace. For what did I take out into the world with me but despair and shame? And my baby died. I was not fit, God knew, to train a deathless soul. And its death taught me more than its life ever did. I saw my sin—I hated it."

"You wish to leave this old sinful life," said Georgia, with quivering lips. "You would lead a new life, a better life, if you could?"

"How can I?" said the woman. "If a woman sins she is lost forever. What can a woman do, but sink lower and lower into shame. Who will believe in my repentance? Who will encourage me in a better life? Who will trust me? Last night I crept out to beg, beg for enough food to keep me from starving, and I saw him—Allan Graham—"

The woman was so engrossed in this story of her own wrongs and suffering, that she did not notice the sudden pallor that swept over the face of her listener, at the mention of that name, but went on unheeding.

"I saw him going into a brilliantly-lighted mansion to a party. I knew who lived there. It was the member of a Christian church. His sin, his wild, reckless life is known to them. Not through me, for I loved him too well to bring any reproach to him. But they know just what his life has been, and still they, these Christian people, welcome him as an equal, while, to me, they wouldn't give the most menial position in their kitchen. That is the justice of the world. No one will trust me."

"I will trust you—I will help you," said Georgia, bravely. She felt that the woman was sincere. No letter of recommendation could be more plainly written than the true, honest eyes, the expression of remorse and repentance in the woman's face. "God so deal with me as I deal justly with you."

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

BESSIE.

BY JENNIE CARTER.

A masterpiece, verily thing, fair and bright,
At seventeen, impresses on our sight;
For Nature, with a lavish hand,
From stores of wealth at her command,
Sweat with unusual care
Her best bit—her grace rare;

And forth, from her creative power,
Bloomed out this beauteous link in . . .
Love's fondest care, from day to day,
Has shielded her most tenderly.
Has made her life one happy dream,
With joy and sunshine all aglare.

A ROSE AND A CAMELLIA

BY MRS. LUCY H. HOOPER.

If any of my readers had chanced to visit Hoversville, on the bright October morning on which my tale opens, they would, I think, have pronounced it one of the prettiest spots which they had ever come across in the whole course of their travels. For Hoversville is celebrated for its avenues of stately elms and graceful horse-chestnuts; and on the especial autumnal morning, of which we write, the frost had touched the trees with its dainty and brilliant pencil. There was just enough of freshness, too, in the air to make it exhilarating—a sort of a necessary tonic after the exhausting fever of the summer heats.

In one of the smallest of the white houses, on a side street, lived the widowed Mrs. Thornton, with her twin daughters, Fannie and Bessie. Mrs. Thornton had once seen better days. Time was, when her husband had been a New York millionaire, and when the Thornton balls and the Thornton equipages had been celebrated even in that splendid city. Fanny and Bessie had taken their first peep at the world from the windows of a Fifth Avenue mansion. They had passed their early days in sort of bewildering whirl of silk and velvet, and Valenciennes-trimmed frocks; and a little later had learned music, and French, and German, and dancing, from the most renowned professors. They had promenaded Fifth Avenue and Broadway in the prettiest of school-girl toilets, and were looking forward to a grand coming-out ball, and a brilliant debut in fashionable society, when there came a panic—a crisis—a crash. Millionaires went to bed wealthy, and woke up beggars. Mr. Thornton's fortune took wings with the general flight; and he, a nervous, excitable man, with a sensitive and desponding temperament, fairly fled to his bed, and died of his misfortunes, leaving his widow and daughters with about half the sum, per annum, which Mrs. Thornton had been accustomed to spend at her dress-makers.

Women are tougher metal, generally, under the stroke of adversity, than are men. Mrs. Thornton did not die of her troubles. She lived through her husband's death and funeral, the breaking up of her home, the dispersal of her household treasures, and, being of rather a weak nature, and given to much weeping, she managed to cry her woes away in a very healthful manner. It was her young daughters, her sixteen-year-old

twin children, who packed and arranged her wardrobe, settled matters, and answered business questions, with an amount of energy and good sense that was beyond their years, while Mrs. Thornton went round the house with a very wet handkerchief in her hand, and a pair of very red eyes surmounting a very red nose, answering all questions addressed to her with a pitiful, "Oh, don't ask me!" and a fresh burst of tears.

It was Bessie who suggested sending for Mrs. Thornton's only brother, Mr. James Luis, of Hoversville, who was himself, unfortunately, not any too well to do in the world; but he came at once in response to his sister's appeal, and did what little he could in the way of seeing to her affairs. It was by his advice that the bereft family had betaken themselves to their present abode at Hoversville. The two girls were forced to decide everything about the house and the removal, while Mrs. Thornton sat at work on packing up trunks and boxes, and looked helplessly on, a wearying varying her proceedings by a slight indulgence in her favorite refreshment of tears.

Somebody—I think it is the author of the *Country-Park Papers*—has somewhere written an essay on the advantages of being a courageous fool; and certainly the present is one with a remarkable number of peculiarities attached to it, particularly in the person who occupies the position happens to be a woman. Stubbornness and obstinacy are usually the qualities of a fool, but company brainlessness is not among the three attributes together, one of the best combination of affairs wherein reason is not easily the other powerless to move the person in question, in his traits. It never occurred to Mrs. Thornton, when the family were hardly settled in their new and humble home, that she could, or should, or ought to do anything to assist in getting her household matters in order, or in lightening the burdens of their reduced circumstances. She never seemed to imagine that there was anything more for her to do than to lounge about the house, with a second-rate novel in her hand, to assert and to range the few remaining relics of her trimmery, and to weep out a string of complaints about her hard torturing to try and make a listener to her. Not that she was entirely bad, or even an indifferent mother—the atmosphere around

In the days of her prosperity she had been considered a very nice kind of a person; had never been spiteful, mean, or unkind, and had treated her inferiors, in wealth and social position, with a sort of languid good-nature which had failed to offend, if there was nothing especially attractive about it; and had been a fond and indulgent, if, also, a very weak parent. But, in her adversity, she worried her daughters nearly out of their senses. She could not be brought to understand why she must not wear ruffled petticoats at the rate of four per week; why venison, geese, red-birds, and the first green peas of the season did not appear upon her table; and why the girls would persist in buying alpaca for their street suits in the spring, when everybody knew that a good black silk—not an expensive one, of course—say at seven dollars a yard, would look and wear so very much better. Then the one servant-girl was a fruitful source of dissension. "Fanny, yes! and Bessie were always spoiling her by doing her work for her, making their own beds, for instance, and helping with the ironing. For her part, she believed in letting people do your work, if you paid them to do it: she could not see the sense in having help, and then doing everything yourself. But then her girls had such low tastes. She had never had low tastes; she could not bear to touch a small teacup, or a greasy plate. And as to sweeping a room, everybody who knew her delicate health, knew that such a thing was far beyond her strength. As to the sewing, she was willing to help in that as far as she could; though it was very hard that she, who had been the first New York lady who had ever ordered a dress direct from Worth, should have to turn her attention to such details as retromanning a delaine, or making over a calico.

It was hard, poor thing! And, after all, she was very much to be pitied. She could not help her soft, aggravating senselessness any more than a dull November day can restrain the cold, slow drizzle that drives poor out-door travelers nearly out of their wits. So, instead of being a help and a comfort to her children, she was an added weight to them. She was far more unhappy than they; she had lost their energy, their activity, their hold of mental resources; and, above all, she was no longer young. Ah, there's the rub! Youth holds a deed of gift of the future, but the half-forgotten middle age only cloud the past, and, moreover, the present, an bare without remedy in the future, save in the one great refuge from all earthly woes—the grave!

About three years after the Thornton family first arrived at Hoversville, George Ellis, the only son of their uncle, went out to the far West to

seek his fortune. He was a fine, manly young fellow, and had been the intimate friend and constant associate of his cousins, much to the chagrin and dismay of Mrs. Thornton, who looked forward to the brilliant marriage of one or both of her daughters as her only possible escape from the trials and tribulations of her present mode of life. But the cousins had walked, and driven, and gone boating together in the summer months; had joined sleighing-parties, and frequented little dances together in the winter, without any definite result; and the young man had taken his leave of the girls in apparently quite a fraternal fashion. Only Fanny could have told of a swift, close hand-clasp, of a few whispered words, only these, in fact, "I may come back, some day, a rich man, Fanny, and then——"

But what was that broken phrase, after all? Nothing to talk about, evidently; for Fanny never mentioned the circumstance, even to her twin sister and inseparable companion.

At the time our story opens George Ellis had been gone about two years. The two girls sat by the window of their bedroom, ripping up, and looking over their stores of winter clothing, while their mother see-sawed leisurely in her rocking-chair, looking on at their operations, and occasionally favoring them with her advice, with "The Mystery of Maysville Manor," lying open on her lap, and "Lina St. Leonard, the Burglar's daughter" on the table beside her.

"I don't think these black cashmeres will see us through the winter, Bessie," remarked Fanny, holding up a threadbare garment to the light. "Perhaps by taking the best of yours and mine, we might piece out one dress from the two, but as for wearing them as they are, that is an impossibility."

"We may afford one new one, Fan, and you may have that. I'll do up the old one for myself."

"No, indeed, you dear, good soul! That I'll not listen to. No: we must manage new dresses, or at least new jackets, somehow or other."

"It is all your fault, Bessie," remarked Mrs. Thornton, plaintively. "You know you would buy that quality of cashmere; and I told you it would not wear so well as the one at four dollars a yard. And now, if you girls must get new winter cloaks, do take my advice for once, and have them made of velvet—long, black velvet Polonaises, reaching almost to the bottom of your dress skirts, and caught up at the side with a buckle and a bow. They would be so stylish and so useful. And whatever you do, don't get any more calico mourning-dresses. They are my abomination!"

"I should like a black velvet Polonaise very

Bessie shook her head in remonstrance, and was about to speak, when the door was partly opened, and Bridget protruded a very red face through the chink.

"It's Muster George Ellis, mum; and its the young ladies he's after seeing."

"We'll be down directly, Bridget. Now, Bess, do you go down and talk to him, while I pick up these things, and put the room to rights?" And with a firm, yet gentle hand, Fanny literally put her sister out of the room, and then she sat down among the piles of scattered garments, and cried like a child.

Only for a minute, however; in another moment she was up and alert, the tears wiped from her eyes, and her beautiful features set in a sort of fixed and resolute calmness.

Meanwhile Bessie, with a very pale cheek and a throbbing heart, descended to the parlor. A gaunt, shadowy figure, in a shabbily-worn garb, the very spectre of the broad-shouldered, stalwart youth, who had bade her farewell, some two years before, rose from the sofa, as she entered, and put forth a skeleton-like hand to meet her eager clasp.

"Cousin Bessie, here I am, at last, a poor, miserable object, as you see," said the young man, looking down upon her upturned face, with large hollow eyes, that seemed still glistening with fever.

"I am glad to see you home safe, George, anyway, or anyhow—very, very glad," answered Bessie, rather incoherently, while her pale cheek became suffused with a sudden blush.

"And you are not changed a particle, only prettier than ever," he said, sinking back upon the sofa. "While I—— Well, did you ever see a more miserable piece of six-foot humanity than myself? Worn to a shadow, Bess; and I suppose Fanny has told you all the rest."

"All! But have courage, George. You are young, and the world lies fair before you, if you have but the energy and perseverance wherewith to meet its obstacles. Ah, if I were but a man!"

"What would you do, Bess? Great deeds, doubtless?"

"I don't know. I should do something. But let us talk of yourself. How ill you must have been. And are you really better now—really convalescent?"

Thus encouraged, George launched out into a full account of his illness and his troubles, and he found in Bessie the most sympathizing of listeners. Then there were mutual friends to be inquired after, and pieces of Hoversville news to be told, and so nearly two hours slipped away before George rose to go.

"I shall see you soon again, Bessie," he remarked. "I want to see you often, before I go away again."

"Go away? Oh, George, where, and why?"

"I cannot stay here, burdening my poor father's slender means. No, no! As soon as I am strong enough, I shall start for New York. I have some business there, which must be looked after, and, perhaps, I can find something there to do. And Bessie, I want you to tell Fanny something."

He took his cousin's hand, as he spoke, and pressed it firmly in his own.

"Isaac Hall came to see me, a few hours ago, and told me of his engagement. Hall is a good fellow. Tell Fanny to make him a good wife, and say also that I send her my cousinly congratulations."

With these words he departed; and Bessie, through a mist of blinding tears, watched the stooping figure, clad in threadbare, shabby garments, as it passed slowly out of sight, with feeble step, behind the trees.

That evening, before retiring to rest, Bessie unlocked a small box, which contained her few ornaments and little treasures: the jewelry, which had not been consider'd valuable enough to sell in the crisis of the family misfortunes, a lock of her dead father's hair, one or two school-girl keepsakes, a few prized letters, and such like valuable. After long and serious meditation, she selected one article from the collection, put the rest aside, and sat down to write a letter. But the usual facility of her ready pen seemed to have deserted her, and it was with much meditation, erasing and copying, that she managed to bring to an end the following epistle, which, with a small vessel joined, was placed in George Ellis's hands the following day:

"DEAR COUSIN GEORGE—I want you, before you open the packet which contains this letter, to sit down and think of all the kindness that you used to show the two poor girls, the girls that came to Hoversville so downcast and pale, five years ago. How you always led our escort everywhere, and took us in your carriage-rides and wagon-rides, and kept us supplied with flowers, and chestnuts, and games. And do you remember the three sashes you gave us just before Kate Wilton's wedding, and how charming we were with them, and how they brightened up our white muslin dresses? I want you to remember all these things as vividly as I do, and to recollect how you have always been like a brother to Fanny and to me. I want you to feel really as if we were your sisters now; and

you must think how glad I shall be, if you will let me help you the very little that I can, in the first steps of your new career. And so, I want you to let me lend you the twenty-dollar gold piece, which I send with this; only *lend* it to you, remember; and it is really my own, for it was my dear father's last Christmas-gift to me. I have kept it ever since. And I could not spend it in a way to give me more pleasure than by putting it in your hands, to do with it as you like. Some day, when you are a very rich man, you can give it back to me, in the shape of a diamond ring, or a set of pink coral. And so, dear cousin, good-by, and do not think of painsing me by refusing my little offering.

"Your affectionate cousin,

"BESSIE THORNTON."

George Ellis was weak, and still far from well, and so no wonder that the tears rose to his eyes, as he perused Bessie's note. He kissed the gold piece several times, before he consigned it to the depths of his well-worn pocket-book. And when next he met Bessie alone, it was with real feeling that he thanked her.

"You are a dear, good girl, Bessie, and I'll not trouble your loan. I have not so many friends left, now, since I came back sick and sorrowful, that I can bring myself to spurn your kindness. People are very ready to give me good advice. Let them be very shy about offering me anything else. Why don't you go and do something? they are always fond of saying, but not one of them will stir himself a hand's-breadth to find me that - a thing to do. There is nothing like misfortune, Bess, for teaching a man some hard lessons in human nature: but I have found one great, true heart in the world, and that is yours, my good, little cousin. Only, you must not talk to me about looking upon me as a brother, because—"

But just then the door opened, and Mrs. Thornton entered; so the blushing Bessie failed to learn why she was not to consider herself the sister of George Ellis any more.

The engagement of Fanny to the rich Isaac Hall, created the usual amount of gossip and wonderment in the community. Fanny was the very model of an engaged young lady, during the long period that elapsed between the declaration of her engagement and the departure of her lover on his Western tour, so quietly devoted, so prettily deferential to his wishes, so eager to please and gratify him in every way. No pretty caprices, no playful absurdities marred her conduct toward her betrothed. She was always *empress*, courteous; and, after his departure,

she never failed to send him, every other day, a pleasant, gossiping epistle, filling exactly the four sides of a sheet of note-paper, with her signature, "Yours affectionately, F. Thornton," duly inscribed at the foot of the fourth page. There were no crossed-lines, no outpourings of overflowing affection, no little absurdities of pet names and tender epithets; but Mr. Hall was practical and business-like, and found his lady-love's agreeable and intelligent letters precisely to his taste. Nor did Fanny pine and mourn, during the absence of her betrothed, after the fashion of some foolish girls, but busied herself about her trousseau, and her future plans with perfect composure. She did not avoid George, when he came to pay his almost daily visits; but she usually left the task of entertaining him to her sister, or her mother, generally excusing herself on the plea of letters which must be written, or sewing which must be accomplished.

Under the gleam of this dawn of coming prosperity of one of her daughters, Mrs. Thornton brightened visibly. Fanny had always been her favorite child, perhaps on account of the vigorous snubbings which she occasionally received from that young lady, when her peculiarities became more rampant than usual. All her stock of yellow lace and old-fashioned jewelry was produced, to aid in getting up a wardrobe fit for the future Mrs. Hall; and one of her few remaining ornaments of any value, a set of stone canes, mounted with pearls, was unhesitatingly sacrificed by her, in order to procure the necessary materials. A first cousin of her own, a wealthy widow, who had never noticed the family in their days of actual adversity, wrote Fanny a very pretty note, and sent her a check for a respectable amount as a wedding-present, as she nearly put it, but in reality the purchase-money of a ticket of admission to the possible future parties of the wealthy Mrs. Hall.

"Jane Thornton used to entertain superbly," remarked Mrs. Oxford, to one of her daughters, as she sealed her letter, "and I hear that Mr. Hall intends living in New York, so, after all, one may as well be on the safe side."

Meanwhile, George Ellis regained, his health and strength, by slow degrees, and finally started off on a trip to New York, to see, as he said, if he could not find something to do down there. He came back, looking very much better, and wearing a new and well-cut suit of clothes, which improved his appearance amazingly. He was, as ever, a constant visitor at his aunt's house, but it was not till after he had taken a second trip to New York, that he unfolded all his plans and hopes to Bessie.

dear, nothing flashy or gay; but exactly suited to your taste. Mrs. Lennox is going to send you her own dressmaker, to-morrow morning, early; and, after she has got through with you, I want you to go with me up to Thirty-Second street, to look at a house that I would not buy till I had you here to help me choose it."

By this time Bessie had recovered from her first stupor of astonishment, and was able to gasp out, falteringly,

"George, what does all this mean?"

He pushed aside the silks and shawls, and came and caught her in his arms.

"It means, darling, that you thought you had married a poor man, but you married a rich one instead. It means, that three weeks after I left California, sick, and dispirited, and miserable, my sterile farm was found to contain what they call out there a 'pocket' of gold, and I've sold it for three hundred thousand dollars to the King Midas Mining Company of San Francisco. And I am going into the dry-goods business here in New York, with the old firm of Halford and Lennox, now Halford, Lennox & Co.; and that is about all, I think. Only, Bessie, look at this!"

He drew from an inner pocket, within his waistcoat, a coin attached to a slender chain.

She looked up, and recognized her twenty-dollar gold piece.

"I shall never part with it, Bessie—never, while I live. It has brought me more than the wealth of Astor could have given me, for it showed

me your good, gentle, unselfish heart. Darling, darling! I have led you out of the chill darkness of adversity into the sunshine of prosperity again; and, hereafter, if wealth can buy the fulfillment of your lightest wish, whatever it may be, it shall not go ungratified."

And Bessie, sensible, intelligent girl as she was, fairly burst into tears of astonishment and joy—tears which George kissed away, whispering, as he did so,

"May these tears, dearest, be the saddest you shall ever shed."

The house in Thirty Second street was purchased, and is to-day one of the brightest and most cheerful homes, to be found in all the wide city of New York.

Mrs. Thornton is quite rejuvenately delighted in the prosperity of her two daughters, with each of whom she spends one day in every week, and her peculiarities are no longer aggravating, or, rather, the cares and duties of a great mother have swallowed up all her usual eccentricities.

Mrs. Hall is still, however, her favorite daughter, she having become a very brilliant and shining light in New York society, while the tastes and habits of Mrs. Eliza are to exclusively domestic to suit her mother's views.

As some one once said, regarding the two sisters, "They are both beautiful and wonderfully alike; but one has all the grace, and the other all the style—one is a Rose, and the other a CAMELLIA."

LOVE'S PLEA.

BY JAMES J. MAXFIELD.

On, love me, sweet! for, loyal still,
I wait the coming of your feet;
And all the air is rare and sweet,
With odors wafted from the hill
Where waxy lily-bells are hung,
And snow-white daisies lift their eyes,
And song-birds, in the branches swung,
Make woodlands vocal with replies.

Oh, love me, sweet! for sad and lone
The gray dove mourns her absent mate;
And touched at heart by such a fate,
Her plumage is blended with my own,
Which calls in pitying tones for thee,
In lonesome hours, by grove and bourn,
And listening then, there come to me
But idle echoes in return.

Oh, love me, sweet! deign no more
That "Love hath swifter wings than death."
The Prophet, with impassioned breath,
Transcends your stock of human lore;

And looking with divining eyes,
He reads what you would fain conceal;
And while your logic limbs and dien,
Proclaims the very truth you feel.
Oh, love me, sweet! and I'll prove
Love's chivalry, and trust thy word,
As I fail in celestial spheres
Abroad thou common earth to rove;
And men shall see two lives in one,
United firm, and half divine,
But thou shalt see true life begin,
And all the conquests shall be thine.
Oh, love me, sweet! and love me true,
For time is fleeting, day by day,
And love can never lesson delay,
When years, at most, are all too few
For hearts to yield to love's caressure,
And though you think it strange surprise,
I seize, and for longer than a瞬,
Bring back thy errant branch of pine.

"OUR HIRED GIRL."

BY LUCY LEDYARD.

A TENDER mist lay over hill and valley, softening the gold and purple of an October sunset, as, leaning over the garden-fence, and looking dreamily toward the western sky, I sought inspiration from the clouds, and a way out of one of those domestic entanglements, in which the "best of housekeepers," of the "best regulated families" often find themselves. It did seem to me that I could not stand it any longer. Four weeks I had been without a girl; eight-and-twenty mornings I had risen at five (as my husband had to be away bright and early at his work,) to make the fires, and get the breakfast; three times twenty-eight meals had I prepared; and, after those meals, had washed the dishes, three times eight-and-twenty times. Baby had had the whooping cough. Flora the measles, my husband had lost three of the fingers of his right hand by an accident, and now, last of all, as if to prove beyond a doubt, that "misfortunes never come singly," Johnnie, my oldest boy, had broken his leg. Not a soul could I get, for love or money, to do a day's work, or even wash for me. My husband, in spite of his disabled hand, (though knowing the pain and difficulty with which he used it, I would not allow him to do anything for me about the house) was busy from morning till night with the farm-work, the husking corn, and all that follows the busy harvest season. Poor John! He needed rest himself, and yet I was betrayed into saying, that very day, "I wished I had never been born, married, or come out West!" Arriving at this last doleful climax, with a sob, that startled him into a look of such distress, that I repented at once my hasty speech, and used all my woman's tact to make my faithful, kind husband and friend forget it—he, in his honest simplicity, taking all my impulsive words as literal truth. What was I, to complain, when he, for years, had not uttered one murmur against the hardships of a life as new and distasteful to him as to me! And now that we were beginning to prosper a little, should I, at this late hour, on account of a little drawback, that might happen to any one, give way, while I still had my strength and comparative youth, just because my feet ached, my hands were rough, and I could not find the leisure to recall any of my past accomplishments and graces? I had prepared our early tea, and had done all I could for Johnnie's com-

fort. Little Flora and the baby were fast asleep, and while I was waiting for my elder John to come in from the fields, I stole out to catch a breath of the fresh autumn air. The soft October sunset shed a soothing influence over my ruffled spirit, that seemed to say, "Peace, be still," and, quieted by the gentle spell, I was just turning to go into the house, when the rumble of wheels arrested my attention, and, looking around, I saw the old-fashioned stage-coach, that connected us with the outer world, approaching our door.

"What visitor is coming now?" I thought, as I involuntarily smoothed the wrinkles out of my apron, and put a touch to my hair.

A dainty creature, in a neat traveling-dress, stepped from the coach, timidly approached the gate, and inquired if Mrs. Hathaway lived within. I answered in the affirmative, adding that I was Mrs. Hathaway, and inwardly wondering who was the pretty questioner, with the shy, brown eyes. I was not long kept in doubt, for the young girl informed me, that having heard, through an acquaintance of mine, in neighboring town, and from whom she had brought a letter, that I was in search of a "girl," she had come from A—— to live with me, if I would take her on my friend's recommendation. The mistress of the family in which she had lived previously, had died; the family was scattered; and while waiting for a permanent place, she had been staying with my friend, who could not afford the luxury of a domestic permanently.

I looked with surprise at the delicate, white, dimpled hands; the pretty, slight figure; the lovely, earnest face, lighted by a pair of orbs, as soft as they were dark and lustrous; and at the curve of a mouth that would have excited any artist's admiration. Involuntarily, I exclaimed,

"You, do my work! What do you know about work? Impossible!" Yet, while I spoke, I grasped at this straw of comfort, and said, "But come into the house and rest; you must be tired after your long ride. What kind of work can you do?"

"General housework," was the reply, given in a diffident manner, which was as new as pleasing, in my Western experience. "But please read the letter, Mrs. Hathaway, and you will see that Mrs. Arkwright considers me competent to do the work of a family, that is, where the mistress has

a general oversight, and takes some part in it herself."

Immediately there came before me a vision of this fair creature, down on her knees scrubbing the floor, or at the wash-tub; her pretty hands covered with suds, or, her head tied up in a towel, wielding the broom aloft in search of cob-webs; it seemed too absurd; and I laughed aloud at the thought, with a bad habit I had acquired, from being so much alone. "Still," I said to myself, "she will save me some steps. I can be no worse off than I am."

I must digress, for a moment. One standing subject of discussion between my husband and myself, was, that I held that inherited qualities would tell; in other words, that race would finally make itself felt; there was great power in the accumulated culture of successive generations; that therefore there was something in what is called a "good family." He as stoutly declared that it was "all bosh!" Education and circumstance, he said, made the great difference between people. But now, since he had injured his hand, and could not do as many things for me about the house as had been his wont, such as bringing in the wood, making the fires, and the like, we did not fight our old good-natured battles. Both his spirits and mine were subdued; his especially; for he was so proud and sensitive, and his not being able to do his part to lighten my burden, was a mortification to him that weighed upon his health, and often made him moody and irritable of late.

In the short walk from the garden-gate to the house, I furtively studied the face and general air of my companion; and influenced by my opinions about blood, I constructed quite a romance, of which she was the heroine. She was the descendant of an ancient race, I said to myself; I knew it by her aristocratic face and carriage.

John came in almost immediately after we entered the house, and on being told of the new arrival, and catching a glimpse of her in her stylish traveling-dress, gave a sort of sniff, with his head up in the air, showing that he thought she would not do. Still he seemed more cheerful than of late, at the tea-table, more like his usual self, and quite inclined to see the ludicrous side of things.

Whether it was the charm of that October sunset, or the advent of the stranger, I know not, but a weight seemed to have rolled from my own spirits. I had never allowed my servants to eat at the same table with us, and Margaret, for that, I learned, was the name of my new "help," had been waiting. I now told her to sit down and eat her supper.

Late in the evening, when I returned to the kitchen, there was Maggie, with a pretty, white apron on, the dishes all washed, the room in order, and she herself studying the cook-book, which she had found on the shelf. I longed in my heart to ask her into the parlor, but thought it would not do; but somehow I felt strangely attracted toward this girl, whose looks were so at variance with her position. I now proceeded formally to business, and engaged her at two dollars a week to do my work, including washing and ironing, adding that I myself expected to ease off the burden when it was too heavy for her, and saying that in house-cleaning times, and other emergencies, I expected to like extra help, if it were possible to secure it.

"But you hardly look strong enough to do what I require," I said, in conclusion.

"Oh, yes, I am stronger than I look, and my health is perfect," she answered. "I expect to be very happy here; it is so quiet and lonely in the country."

She then put some intelligent questions to her duties, and said that she was just studying up some dish for breakfast, when I came into the room.

"What a delightful creature!" I mentally exclaimed, and began to roll up my sleeves, preparatory to mixing bread. But, lo, and behold! there was the pan neatly covered in a warm place, and the bread so sweetly encouraged, all ready to rise as fast as my fingers could move, my work done without my having to do it.

It was charming to find all this time resting on my shoulders by this slight effort. Maggie did not look as though she had been so anxious to make her own bed, even. I did want to ask her what she had done before "lately," but somehow felt as if it would appear like an impudent curiosity on my part. I experienced an irresistible desire to put my arms about her neck, and kiss her, but didn't; and tried to qualify my impetuous meditations on her excellent looks by saying to myself, "a new broom always sweeps clean." But that night I went to bed with a light heart, and slept soundly, excepting when I had to attend to the baby, or to Johnnie's calls for some cooling drink, or medicine. My husband's cheerful tea-time mood also seemed to continue, for in his sleep he laughed a pleasant laugh, as though he had lain down to pleasant dreams; a good omen, I hoped, of the new reign in the kitchen.

Conversation, at the breakfast-table, next morning, was after this fashion: "Well, wife, I always did think, before we had so much sickness in the family, that you had the faculty of curing

up the best breakfasts I ever knew; but certainly this outdoes them all. Such an early breakfast, too! These biscuits are delicious; and this coffee reminds me of the days when we had a French cook."

"Oh, John, I only wish that I could take the credit of it; if you had not been out attending to the horse, you would have noticed that, as far as the kitchen goes, I have been a lady of leisure this blessed morning!"

"And so it was. When I opened my sleepy eyes, on the stroke of five, I heard the coffee-mill merrily going, and light feet stirring about the kitchen. When I dressed and went down, there was Maggie, fresh and rosy, and the breakfast well under way, with a savory steam issuing from the coffee-pot."

The days fled by, marked by snow-flake biscuits in the morning, and delicate muffins at night, with generous and well-served dinners between, and the most appetizing tit-bits for Johnnie, who was now regaining strength and appetite. This was not all. Mondays and Tuesdays, my former dread in the household calendar, had now become the anniversaries of sweet, well-washed, well-ironed, and well-dried clothes, that were a delight to see hanging on the horse, in the well-ventilated kitchen; while Maggie, the mother of all of it all, seemed to have plenty of time, and went about the house a perfect spirit of sunshine.

These days were long to Johnnie, while he was obliged to lie on the sofa to ease his limb, and yet was not sick enough to submit quietly to being an invalid, and I had to tax all my ingenuity to amuse him. He was very anxious not to fall behind his classes in school; and one afternoon, while I was too busy with my sewing and the baby to give him much attention, Maggie, who had done up the work for the day, excepting the tea, which would not take long, came to the room, and said, just as Johnnie, with an impatient "I know!" had thrown down his arithmetic, "let me help you, Johnnie," and soon, with her clear voice, set him right about the knotty examples that had puzzled him, and ended off, by telling him stories from Scott's novels, evidently adapted by herself. I listened attentively, though not seeming to, and said, mentally complimenting myself on my own sagacity, "I thought so—what next?" The "next" came next day, when Johnnie begged me to ask Maggie to sing and play something. "She has such a singing face, I know she can sing," added my hopeful; and, full of curiosity myself, setting at defiance all my long-established ideas of "servants keeping their place," I then and there invited *mine* into the parlor, and requested her to favor us with some music.

Not at all embarrassed, she sat down at the piano, and with modest grace ran her fingers over the keys, in a light, tripping prelude to the song that followed. The moment she touched the instrument, and her full voice rang out, sweet and clear, I detected, not only natural genius, but the careful training of both voice and fingers, usually acquired only under the best masters.

"Who, and what can she be?" I asked myself, and silently resolved I would win her confidence. Another resolve, too, I made, and that was, to treat her no longer as our "hired girl," for, not by word, tone, or look, had she stepped out of her self-appointed place of servant, since she had been with us.

By-and-by it came out that she knew French, Latin, and German, and was conversant with general literature. I might have regarded my pretty maid's accomplishments in a less favorable light, had it not been that I was constantly receiving proofs of her practical turn of mind. For instance, one night there came a violent storm. The rain poured in torrents. Recollecting that a window had been left open, down stairs, I was hastening to close it, when I found Maggie had been before me, and had also put tubs and pails, to catch the welcome rain, "to have soft-water ready," she said, "for Monday's wash," for we had no cistern. Indeed, she seemed to be on the alert, night and day, to provide for our interests, with a forethought that was wonderful in one so young. No cask, tub, or pail was allowed to go to "rack and ruin," for want of moisture to swell the shrinking wood. No preserves ever dared to ferment under her watchful eye.

"Why, the girl thinks of, and sees everything," John would sometimes say, while I got into a fixed habit of wondering "what next?"

Another instance. Western cows have a way of roaming where they list, and coming home at hours that suit their own sweet will, so that it is quite a fine art to entice them to their proper stables at regular milking times. John was obliged to be absent for a few days, on business, and had left the milking and its accompanying cares in charge of a reliable man, who, unfortunately, was taken sick, and we had no one to fall back upon. But unfailing Maggie bravely came to the rescue, volunteering to do most of the milking, if Johnnie and I could help *some*. We did not succeed in coaxing from the cows the noble strain that Maggie did, but still the "kine came home," and were milked, and we felt ourselves covered with glory, that we, with Maggie at the front, had accomplished so much.

My husband basked in the comfort of these

sunny days, and began, in spite of his masculine want of observation, to note that there was something unusual in Maggie's position in our household; and, although a man of few words, presently gave utterance to my own thoughts, by saying, "Nellie, we ought not to keep that lovely girl so much by herself. Let her come to the table, and make one of us. I am sure she is a superior person," ("person," indeed, thought I,) "and we ought, by this time, to have had enough of life's discipline to part with a little of our troublesome pride."

I had only been waiting for my husband to give this opinion, to carry out my own views, and I eagerly availed myself of his sanction. But before speaking on this subject to Maggie, I said to her

"You are the most wonderful girl I ever saw! Who taught you to do all these things, without soiling or spoiling your hands? You are like those heroines of old-fashioned novels, who are always sitting down on mossy banks, to write sonnets, when the dew is on the grass, and never get their feet wet or their skirts drabbled, only you never do anything so silly. How comes it, you can play so well on the piano, sing like a nightingale, read Shakespeare, cook and scrub, all in a breath? Did you step out of a fairy story-book? You do all the rough work of my family, and yet there you stand, looking as dainty and fresh as though you had never seen a cooking-stove in your life. What does it mean? Dear Maggie, tell me your story, and be my friend."

I threw my arm around her neck, and kissed her, impulsively, adding, "Forgive me that I have treated you so like a common servant. But if you could know my many experiences with 'help,' and the impertinence with which I have been treated, in my own house, and in return for kindness, you would forgive me, I know. I felt attracted to you from the first; but resisted the charm, resolving, this time, to be on the safe side. There, dear Maggie, tell me your story, and we will be fast friends, that is, if you consent to overlook my deficiencies."

For the first time since I had known her, I saw her cry. Her head fell on my shoulder, while the tears came like rain. But in a moment she lifted her face, all smiling like the sun through an April shower, and said,

"Dear Mrs. Hathaway, let us go up stairs, and I will tell you all; I did not mean to deceive you, but I am not what I seem."

"Yes, you are," I said, hotly, "just what you seem, and that is, a lady by refinement, culture, and looks, every inch. Only you mustn't Mrs. Hathaway me again. You are to be my friend, and call be Nellie."

Seated by Flora's cradle, in my own room, Maggie gave me a sketch of her simple history. She was born, she said, and bred, at the East, in the midst of wealth and luxury. She had had every advantage that money could command, until her father's sudden death disclosed the fact that his affairs were very much involved. Her mother had already died, and now Maggie was penniless. "I was proud, and could not receive alms, as if a beggar," she said, "so I declined numerous offers of homes, and resolved to support myself by teaching in one of the city schools. But I came in contact there with so much that was disagreeable, and I felt the confinement to be so irksome, that I decided to go to Chicago, as governess in a family recommended by some friends. But here I was unfortunate!" —Maggie, blushing, passed over this part of her story as lightly as possible—"at first excited the admiration and regard of a younger brother of my mistress. The end was," said Maggie, "that she gave me a polite dismissal under the excuse that her children required the stricter discipline of a school. This was while her brother was absent, and I have, of course, never seen him since."

Discouraged in her efforts at teaching, and having been trained by her sensible mother in the mysteries of housekeeping, Maggie, after this dismissal, took a room in a quiet hotel, in some family farther West, where she was unknown, and where she could not give any shock to the pride of her former friends. She employed the week Mrs. Allen allowed her in the hotel, giving her warning, in looking for a place, and learned, at a respectable interval of time, that she could find a safe and comfortable home in Denver, with the family in which she had been placed on going to my friend. To them she did not owe much. They had treated her with considerate duties, and treated her with a surprising kindness, that she should never forget.

"And now my story's done," snatched, playfully, "for you know the rest. Now, after the death of my kind mistress, I found a home, at home with Mrs. A——, and finally left the unpleasant place, child of fortune that I am."

Maggie, after this confidence, was regarded and treated as a favorite sister. But she performed what she considered her duty with, if possible, more exactness than ever. I felt as if she were the good angel of the house, for everything seemed to prosper with us from the moment she entered it.

One day it occurred to me to ask Maggie, what the middle initial of her name represented. "Hathaway," she said. "There!" exclaimed L. "I know now. That explains that tantaliz-

ing expression that comes into your face, sometimes—it is my husband's, of which it reminds me; and you must be one of the family, by blood as well as by affection."

Impatiently, I waited John's return, to tell him this new and astounding fact. John was always laughing at my jumping at conclusions; but here I was sure I was logically correct: for was not the family likeness between him and Maggie very striking?

He had scarcely entered the house, before I threw the genealogical tree at him (we really had one, though we lived out West, and not on Fifth Avenue or Walnut street) with a volubility that made him open wide his handsome blue eyes, in a manner that said as plainly as words, "Is the woman mad?"

"No, I am not mad," I said, in reply to his sly query. "Just look over the Hathaway pedigree with me, and you will see." He was soon as much interested as I; and sure enough there we found, to a certainty, that Maggie was John's cousin, "fourth removed."

"There, John!" I said, triumphantly. "Haven't I always told you that blood would tell! Our Maggie is a Hathaway, and that accounts for her pertness and flat Magpie," I said, as she now entered the room. "You sly little puss, why did you never let on about that middle initial of yours? Did you never think of the coincidence?"

"Oh, yes, sometimes; but I fancied, it would seem like trying to push myself into your favor, by claiming a relationship, that might, after all, exist only in name."

"Well, never mind, we are sure of it now, and you are Cousin Maggie with us to the end of the chapter. To think of you and John coming out West, each to find a new cousin!"

Two years after Maggie had come to us, she was in the kitchen, preserving plums, and, as usual, after her provoking fashion, looking "prettier than a pink," spite of fire-heat and homely portion. I was up stairs sweeping, (not pretty

as a pink with the exercise,) when, chancing to go to the window, I espied a stalwart, handsome stranger approaching the house. Soon I heard a firm rap on the door, followed quickly by the sound of Maggie's light foot in the entry. The stranger entered, and then I heard buzz, buzz, buzz. After that there was a pause. Then buzz, buzz, buzz again. Another pause. All this time I was dying of curiosity; but not for worlds would I intrude, where I was not wanted. Finally, there was a step on the stairs, and Maggie came to my room, her cheek all aglow like a rose-leaf. Walking straight up to me, she said,

"He has come, Cousin Nellie!"

"He!" I exclaimed, fiercely. "Who is he? And how dare he come to rob us of our Maggie? But if he is as good as he is handsome," I added, repenting, "we will give you up, not else."

He was as good as he was handsome. But we did not give Maggie up entirely, for her lover was rich as well as good and handsome, and could go where, and do what he liked. He liked to live at the East; but he liked also to invest some of his money in Western lands; so he bought our farm, left it in the hands of a farmer, and we all went East together, where, side by side, and like people in fairy stories, we have lived virtuous and happy lives ever since.

Who was the prince that had thus come to our Cinderella? That I had almost forgotten. Mr. Henry Brookes, brother of the Mrs. Allen, with whom Maggie had lived as governess. It seems that, after his return to his sister's, he had sought Maggie far and wide, with the determination to offer her his hand and fortune. But, until lately, he could find no clue to her whereabouts, for the proud girl, though she loved him, had carefully concealed her residence. Now, knowing her antecedents, his family were glad to welcome her. Was she not a Hathaway?

I again threw this matter of family in my husband's face, the other day, and he impertinently said, "What is the use of arguing with a woman? She always will have the last word!"

BY EMMA SANBORN.

The moon lights the river's flow;
The friend willows kiss the stream;
To walk along its bank I know,
But never as one in silent dream.
Ah! many, many moons ago,
I wandered here—but not alone.
Close lay a little hand in mine,
And sweet her face beside me shone.
Swift years have rolled, and I again,
A stranger to my native land,

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Have come from o'er the distant main,
To greet that smile, to clasp that hand.
The stirring leaf, the whispering breeze,
To-night will hear no lover's vow.
I see the same sweet moonlight gleam,
But Eva, Eva, where art thou?
Behind me burns the village light,
The world I left, 'tis naught to me;
Beyond, I see a world more bright,
Where, dearest, thou dost wait for me.

THE STORY OF THEIR LIVES.

BY EMMA J. M. WHITCOMB.

PERPETUAL Langley had, at seventeen, a face that once seen haunted the memory forever. So remarkable were her features, that positively the last thing one observed of her was the fact that she was cross-eyed. At forty, her face was unchanged in expression, but the lines were deepened.

It seemed impossible, to one not gifted with creative imagination, that the faded eyes, which had striven all these years to look at each other across her nose, and which gave me a bewildered feeling of being seen without being looked at, could ever have softened and brightened with tenderness. Yet once they had done so; and even yet there was a deep, unsatisfied longing for love in her heart.

Aunt Perpetual, as she was familiarly called, lived alone, and, of course, there was a reason for it. Her father and mother were dead, and in an old stocking-foot, in a box, in a drawer, in a closet, one might have found an old daguerreotype, which faded year by year. Sometimes, when she took it out to look at it for a moment, one would be startled to see, instead of the face she had loved, the fresh, handsome face of a young man, her own wrinkled and forbidding self instead, reflected in the glass. But, holding it in another light, the resemblance of that other face would flash out at her, stirring her heart with its never-lost power.

Aunt Perpetual's home was cozy, and in good repair. It would have been pleasant, had it not been so lonely. She had a small property, which, judiciously managed, supported her, and left her time to help others. She watched with the sick, and did all the little odds and ends of duties which fall to the lot of one whose time and means are ample. Outwardly, her life was prosperous, and not unlike that of many other women. But, as she approached her forty-second birthday, she realized anew her loneliness. The winter had been a severo one, but the warmer sun of February was beginning to melt the great banks of snow, upon which she had looked all winter.

It was the evening of the fourteenth of February, and Aunt Perpetual was alone in her sitting-corner. She had laid aside her work, and sat recalling the past. The fancy struck her suddenly, that everything which had been bright in her life had come with the fourteenth of Fe-

bruary, except, indeed, the sunshine, and the bloom of her daffy-down-dillies, and, she added, slowly, "and, I suppose, the grace of God."

As she mused in an unwonted mood of longing, she heard a faint rap at her front-door. She glanced at the clock. It was fifteen minutes of nine, too late for a neighbor's visit; perhaps some one was sick, perhaps—. She wasn't a coward, but she brought out the heavy cane, which she always placed at the head of her bed, on dismal nights, when the wind blew. Then she went to the door, and undid it. A gust of wind swept in, and a blinding fancy made her feel as though it encircled her life in mighty, unseen arms. It almost gave out the light. Gathering that with her hand, she peeped in the night, "darkness there, and in this house." "What an old fool I am," she said to herself, but taking a step forward, to be certain no one was on the lower walk, she stumbled over something, and a faint, child's cry startled her. Stopping, she found a covered basket. She brought it in, and, after carefully locking the door, she took the cover off, and looked upon her baby: for in that moment she had taken it into her life with something which lives in every woman's heart.

It was surprising to see the motherliness which had been undeveloped in her nature, now blessing the little waif. One was astonished to see, just as one would be were it not so common a thing to see gnarled old trees bearing pink tufts of bloom.

Still Aunt Perpetual should have lived in Puritan days; if she had put her creed into acts, instead of acts, it would have been *dearly* to a child; she sincerely believed that all natural impulses were given for the enjoyment of life, and that they were to be enjoyed; that the natural heart were never to be broken. She spent the long night, an old woman, in prayer, and—if the truth must be told—in weeping.

He was a strange boy in appearance, and in all him of character. His hair was dark, and dreamy, but wonderfully quick and vivifying; his head was freckled in spots; yet, physically speaking, it proved I mean, though his exterior was ugly, he was a very manly and cheerful boy, and, under the right thing, and when he crept up to her chair-side, and in

window-sills and chairs, with bits of burnt rat-tan; and when the teacher of the district school, to which he went, complained that instead of learning the multiplication-table, he drew pictures on his slate, and on the leaves of his books, she took his slate and pencil away, and told him he was "totally depraved," "graceless by nature;" then, softened by his despairing face, she said, "You know, Valentine, that a child must be brought up in the way he should go, so that when he is old he will not depart from it; and I'm trying to make a good old man of you." He went to his little room then, which was as empty of anything simply pretty and graceful as a monk's cell, and sat down to learn the Catechism she had given him for that day's lesson. After trying for some time to "commit" "what are the benefits which in this life do accompany or flow from justification, adoption, and sanctification?" he gave it up, and cried till he couldn't even see the answer; then brightened by a thought, he went out and picked all her tiger-lilies, and the flowers of the dainty petals.

The boy's talent was wonderful; but nobody knew it, except he. Like one of the little flowers that live for God, away down in the deep, cool, dark, lonely woods, this life, with its rewards, yet for the beautiful, touched no human heart.

When Valentine was twelve years old, there came to teach the village-school, a young girl, whose home in a distant city had, at the sudden death of her father, been lost to her, and so she bravely undertook to care for herself. Then came a change for Valentine. The cultured eye of his teacher found in the little sketches which the boy would make, hints of a peculiar gift. She took him home with her from school one day, and showed him a portfolio of drawings and engravings, such pictures he had even sometimes in dim dreams, when he lay, on summer nights, with wide-open eyes, trying to mind his mother, and get to sleep. When his teacher told him that she would teach him to draw pictures like these, if his father would consent, his face, which had been beautifully radiant, became suddenly overcast. "I can't give you consent," he said, despondently, "but I think it is wicked." "That's not true," said Alice Transeau. Valentine was hopeful. He went home by a round-about way, and took a lonely place in the wood, high up in the hills, all his own, and in a great hollow bay he kept his treasures. He drew aside the curtain of leaves, and laid out all the little pieces he had made, all alone there, without looking at them, he tore them into fragments,

After school, on Friday afternoon, Alice Transeau walked home with Valentine. They made a queer picture, as they stood for a moment on Aunt Perpetual's door-step. But Aunt Perpetual, who had no eyes for pictures, did not notice anything unusual in the district school-teacher walking home with one of her pupils. She didn't once think that it was hope-cheering friends on her old, stone door-step.

"The school-ma'am, I suppose?" she said, in her abrupt, but not unkind way. "Come in. Valentine thinks a sight of you!"

"He is a good boy, and is learning finely."

"Taking hold of his arithmetic now, I suppose?" asked Aunt Perpetual, looking over her spectacles at the young girl's face, with another question in her look.

"Yes; and it is about him that I wish to speak to you. I think I have not mistaken the boy. God has given him a great and solemn gift."

"What do you mean?"

"A talent for making pictures;" and Alice smiled a little half-smile, that made her face very lovely.

Aunt Perpetual made an almost impatient movement, but did not reply. The silence was broken by a robin, perched on a lilac-tree, close to the window. The song was a burst of perfect rapture, as though he had brought the whole summer in his throat.

"We wouldn't silence the birds, if we could," said Alice, partly to herself.

"You mean that God puts a song into Valentine's fingers, just as He does into the robin's throat."

Alice did not laugh at the quaint remark. She felt that it was earnest.

"Yes, I do," she said, softly.

"And you think I ought to buy him pencils and paper, and give him a chance?"

"If I tell my real thought, I do?"

"He is a queer child, and came to me in a queer way—in a basket, on a gusty night in February. That accounts for his name. He is the child of the man I loved. Ho, the father, left me for love of pictures, and a wild hope of fame, and a life in Italy. He talked of its skies, as my father used to of the new Jerusalem. He went there, and married a girl, not like me, but beautiful, and who knew n'bout pictures. She died. He came back to his home to die, and he sent the child to me. I have tried to do what I could for him; but when I saw him making pictures, I felt hard and cruel. He shall not grow up and break some poor girl's heart, as his father did, I said. It was strange that he cared for me; and when, with a faith which faltered some times,

I asked 'what, with this face?' he said, 'but I have the artist's soul, the artist's insight; I can see beneath the surface.'

Even as she spoke, there came a strange, illuminating look to her face, which made Alice feel that it might have been almost beautiful to one who loved it.

"Why, I even used to laugh with him about my name," she went on. "He said, 'To me it shall stand for perpetual tenderness!' To me," she said slowly, "to me it has stood for perpetual loneliness."

"But he gave you his child; he trusted you to the last;" and the young girl put her arms around the sad old woman, and smoothed back her hair with a soft touch, which soothed her more than words could have done.

Twilight found them sitting so; and the twilight wondered to see it. And when, at length, Alice left her, it was with a promise to come again soon.

Now she thought over the story she had just been told, for she, too, had her dream.

The next week, Valentine commenced his lessons, and not many months passed before he went beyond his teacher. Alice's dream came true then, and she left the village for a new home.

Many years from the day on which Alice Transome stood on Miss Perpetual's door-step, smiling down at a gloomy sad-eyed child, a sweet-faced woman and a young girl, who looked like a diamond edition of her mother, were lingering among art treasures in a dusky room in Venice. The young girl, whose face was like a wild-flower in guilelessness and purity, stood thoughtfully looking at that stray leaf from Leonardo da Vinci's portfolio, the leaf dotted all over with studies of violets and the wild rose.

"Oh, mother," she said, "somehow it makes me think of your little artist. What has become of him, do you think? He is my dream, you know. I will never give up, and think, as you and papa do, that he was a fire-fly, and not a star. I'm always looking for him."

The mother did not notice a young man who had been watching them, who had, indeed, followed them into the room; but the younger Alice blushed as she passed him on the way out. She met him again in the morning, and for many mornings after that: in picture galleries, in old palaces; and they passed each other in gondolas; and at last he ventured to lift his hat to the fair Americans.

He knew perfectly well who the two women whom he watched and followed were; but he dared not approach them. He felt that if they knew all his life, they would shrink from him.

But at length he was introduced by a mutual acquaintance. He had never been known in Venice by his real name, so that no recognition followed. The Lauderdales received him cordially, and when, after a few weeks, they went to Rome, he accompanied them.

Mrs. Lauderdale—the first Alice—realized his ideal of womanhood; and the young girl, who believed in him thoroughly, who gave him more faith than her mother had ever given, why he sought her constantly.

One morning they were resting in the Coliseum, after a long walk. They had visited it many times before, but now seemed infected more deeply than ever by its profound quiet. Valentine hardly broke the silence, when he whispered, drawing her closely to him, as though he knew her whole heart, "Darling, I love you." Then, "Can you care for me, Alice? Are you brave enough to care for a man without a name—with nothing but his life to offer you?"

"I love you—I love you!" Alice cried impulsively. "Were you the greatest artist in all the world, do you think I could love you less?"

And as they sat holding each other's hands, and looking into each other's eyes, she felt as though somebody had put them in a picture, or that it were all a part of some old ballad, so far away and unreal did it seem.

Then came days in that happy time, which seemed dropped out of the line of the angle, so full of deep content were they.

Into this restful life came, in a few weeks, a remembrance Valentine had lost to face. At first, it met him only in dreams, in his room at night: but sometimes, in the sun, and the pure-eyed girl who lay beside him.

It was the old story of the angel and the halting traveler; one left him, and, to the other, he must turn his back on Italy, art, and Alice.

There hung before his bed, on the wall, in a dream, a picture that was never painted. An angel, with drooping wings, stood sad and still, apart from all others; and to the appellation of her, whose name—Renunciation—he recited now, he cried out in an agony of grief and longing, "I will be true." As he spoke, she turned and smiled, and he saw Alice's face. When he awoke, the sunlight was streaming in, realizing with its golden pencil out toward the blank space on the wall. He tried to shake off the weight that lay upon him. He took up a volume of Goethe: but the first sentence he saw was, "everything cries out to us that we must renounce." He threw the book down impatiently, and, in doing so, a little German Testament, which Alice had given

him, fell on the floor. He took it up gently. It seemed to open of itself at the words of Jesus: "He that loveth his life shall lose it, and he that hateth his life in this world, shall keep it unto life eternal."

"What is this life, after all?" he thought, standing with Alice's book in his hand. "Why, even in his daily toil, he must continually remember that life is short, while art is long."

He did not go to see Alice that day. He shut himself in with the Tempter, and conquered. The next morning he went to see Mrs. Lauderdale, and to her told his story and his resolve.

Her surprise was unbounded, when he said, "I am Valentine, your protegé; but how unworthy of you. My mother sent me to college, after I was thoroughly prepared. There I made an enemy of one of the boys, and one night before a room full of my class mates, he flung in my face my mother's and my disgrace. I had never remembered till that moment that I had no father; that my mother was Miss Perpetual to everybody. I was maledoned. I was wild with want of pride. I hated my mother!"

Valentine paused for a moment, and struggled to cover me his emotion. "I never wished to see her again. I took the money she had given me to pay my bills, and started for New York. I got in with artists, and came here. She only knew that I disappeared from college. For two years, I have worked without a thought of returning. But since you came, since I learned to know Alice, I have found my love for my mother, and I am going to her."

"I know you cannot trust me now," he went on. "I know that the child of shame cannot—dare not, clasp the hand of your daughter; but, oh, madam! believe me, I am more nearly true to my best self now, than during these weeks, when you have seemed to care for me, and to give me respect and confidence!"

The tears stood in Mrs. Lauderdale's eyes. "My dear boy," she said, affectionately, "you prove yourself my own true little pupil. Do not call yourself the child of shame, for you are not. Your mother was not, as you think, Miss Langley. And then followed the true story of his parentage. "You shall talk with my husband, I said to Alice," she added. They both felt an unconfessed fear that the young girl's faith in her lover would not stand the test this revelation of his must be to it.

Mrs. Lauderdale found her sitting before an oil of Valentine had given her. It held one of his own favorite studies. So delicate and pure the girl looked that her mother remembered a picture she had somewhere seen of Elaine gazing

at the shield of Lancelot. She disliked to disturb her reverie.

"Mother, dear," said Alice, "what have you to tell me? Something unpleasant, I know, by your face. Won't the stain come out of my white Polonaise? Or didn't my father kiss you good-by, this morning?"

"Yes, I have something to tell you. Listen, Alice."

With wide-open eyes and parted lips, and color that came and went, Alice listened. When her mother concluded,

"Mother, mother," she cried, "is he not noble and true? He asked me if I am brave enough to care for a man without a name! I thought he meant without a famous one. Mother, do you not love him better for it? I must go to him. Come with me, mother."

Alice had not doubted, for a moment, that her mother would agree with her.

"My own true-hearted girl," cried the latter, "then you do not give him up; you do not lose your faith in him?"

"Give him up?" repeated Alice, with an indescribable accent. "I hear his step," she said, and went out to meet him. "Oh, Valentine," she whispered, "may I go with you? I will be a daughter to her. We will make a new world for her."

"Alice!" he said, reverently and simply, "God is good."

A week later, Alice and Valentine were married in Rome, and the same day left Italy forever.

Many hopes and many fears filled their hearts. Should they find her alive? Would she forgive, and welcome?

Late in the evening of a dreary, cloudy day, Valentine and Alice arrived at the village, which had been his home.

"I will walk out to the house," said Valentine, "and see how all appears. I dare not ask. I must go alone."

He left her, as he spoke.

Alice sat waiting in the gloomy little tavern. After an hour, her husband came back. There was a look on his face such as she had never seen there.

She cried eagerly.

"What is it, Valentine? Is she alive? Have you seen her?"

"I have seen a saint, Alice, I walked up to the little house. The curtain of her sitting-room window was drawn. I saw her, but grown old, white-haired, and feeble. She was reading aloud, from the same big Bible I used to look at on Sundays; then she knelt and prayed for me. I

could hear the words distinctly; and, Alice, I fell on my knees, out there in the rain, and I vowed to the Lord to give up every purpose dear to me, if need be, but to devote my life to her, that faithful soul, deserted by both her father and her son."

In the morning, Valentine and Alice went up to the old house, and their dream of making a

warm, cheery heartsome home for the lonely woman was realized; and she lived to bless them both.

As for Valentine's pictures, they are becoming better known and liked every year. And when you see them, you will think of those of Fra Angelico, which were also results of earnest labor and of prayer.

MEMORATUM.

BY LYDIA DAVIS THOMSON.

We sat alone, dear Maud and I,
One radiant Summer day,
While time unheeded glided by
On golden wings away,
Talking of all we knew, and more,
Of days to come, and days of yore.

Around us flowers were blooming gay,
Beside us flowed the rill,
Communing with the birdling's song
Its sweet, low-dripping trill,
While echo caught each dulcet strain,
And murmured back the song again.

Above us, in the deep dark blue,
Of heaven's eternal arch,
Soft, fleecy clouds were moving on,
With slow and silent march;
Lo, all the world was wondrous bright,
Bathed in a flood of golden light!

Oh, never fairer bloomed the flowers,
By soft winds gently stirred;
More tranquil never flowed the rill,

Nor sweeter sang the bird!
Nor half so grand a regal throne,
As our low seat, with moss o'ergrown!

I gathered sweet fern and mint,
That grew in beauty's bower;
With loving hand wove them among
Her braids of dark-brown hair;
The while she whispered, "I will sing
I'll be to thee life's bower."

Long years have passed since that glad day.
When true she vowed to me
My Maud, the fairest flower of earth,
Has broken faith with me;
And we together talk no more
Of days to come, or days of yore.

But while dear memory kindly sheds
O'er me her faithful light,
I'll not forget, through good or ill,
That day grown into night;
In fancy ever fondly drear,
That life the real, and this the dream.

GOOD ANGELS.

BY U. D. THOMAS, M. D.

Good angels sometimes visit me,
In lonely hours at night;
They fill the mystic realm of dreams,
With forms divinely bright;
They steal into my silent room,
With soft, unechoing tread,
And bese, with glances full of love,
Above my weary bed.

I see the friends of earlier days,
Who once were near my side;
Who whispered words of hope and praise,
And loved me till they died.

I hear again those thrilling words,
And every gentle tone
Beguiles the flight of weary hours,
When I am all alone.

I see my sisters in the throng—
I see my mother there;
And many a half-forgotten song
Floats on the dreamy air;

Their forms and words are real to me;
What verily is real,
I knew they are not far away—
I cannot make them dead.

And often, near me, in the eve
The little fairies come
To tell of the day's joys,
Singing like tiny birds.
We part but these are not dead,
Lay them on your bosom;
Put them by you, in the shade,
With shrubs and flowers around.

Come ever, angel visitors,
And to my spirit bear,
A sweet foretaste of home;
A balm for wearied heart,
The fragrance of the Aiden bowers,
The brightness of the streams,
Shall soothe my soul, until I meet
The angels of my dream.

THE LADY ROSE

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1875, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

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CHAPTER XI.

The old Duchess of St. Ormond was not a person to attempt anything by halves. With a fine intellect, and great goodness of heart, as natural inheritance, she had attained much available shrewdness during a long intercourse with the best society, in which her high rank had given her supremacy. To the self-posse of assured position, she added the softening influence of gently-fallen age, which made her kind as she was shrewd.

All this, however, and gentle pity, had influenced the heart of Lady Rose. She understood that Ruth had taken up in her young widowhood all the sympathies of her own girlhood; that the latter winter of life, a woman's mind might tender back in memory to its first-love experience, and cleaves to that which most surely awakes the feelings of her youth.

A few words from her, one might have thought it would keep the strains apart; but the Duchess had a plan better than that. To understand the secret of life the imagination must vividly enter in the feelings, and many a girl has been lost in the realities of everyday existence, that might have grown to manhood if dwelling in solitude.

When the Duchess resolved to call upon Walton Hurst's wife, she was actuated by a double motive: one which connected all these young people with the memories of her own youth; the other arose from genuine kindness; for the dainty old patrician loved to make every one happy that came within her influence. Thus it happened that the call, which brought a cheerful breeze of out-door life into Hurst's pretty dwelling, was but preliminary to the hospitalities of her own mansion.

The old lady had been cheerful and pleasantly talkative during the call; but Lady Rose, had she been less taken up with her own feelings, might have observed that she observed young Hurst with strange interest; that more than once she gave a little start if he spoke suddenly, and that unusual shades of sadness crept over her face, when the general conversation left her for a few

minutes in silence. Once or twice the old yellow lace upon her bosom rose and fell softly, as if a sigh had faintly lifted it.

But all these signs of disturbance escaped the young lady, who had given up her best faculties to an effort at self-control. A young creature wrestling bravely with her own heart was not likely to observe the actions of her friend. The scene she had witnessed on her entrance embarrassed and excited her into a sort of nervous gaiety quite at variance with her usual calm high-bred manner. She met Ruth with an ardor that astonished the young wife—seeming to forget utterly the social gulf that had been cleared at a single leap by the gardener's daughter, and to receive her with open arms on the other side. But all this was done feverishly, and with inward protest. The scene was irksome to her. She longed to rush out of the house, and walk miles and miles away, where no eyes could read her face, and no action of hers could expose the tumult in her heart.

Still she bore up bravely, spoke of things that had been, with careless lightness, inquired about people at Norston's Rest, without waiting to be answered, accepted some flowers that Ruth gathered from the window-plants, and followed the Duchess out to the carriage with a laugh on her lips, gayer and brighter than either of the persons left behind had ever seen there before.

Whatever the feelings of the old Duchess were, she held them in better control than the younger lady could hope to do. Falling back among the cushions of her carriage, she was soon in a condition to observe the feverish excitement which still held possession of Lady Rose, who was that moment looking down upon the flowers Ruth Hurst had given her, with unconscious loathing.

"The perfume of that hyacinth in the centre is overpowering," said the old lady, reading in the girl's face an impulse to fling the blossoms from her.

"Sickening!" answered Lady Rose. "They make one faint;" and, with a sense of infinite relief, she tossed the loose flowers into the street. The heavy hoofs of a dray-horse, passing at the moment, crushed them into the mud, at which

she drew a deep, deep breath, as if she had got rid of something poisonous, and was glad to see it trodden out of existence.

On its way home, the carriage turned into the Park, which was thronged with equipages, and brilliant with sunshine.

"Ah, we can breathe here!" said Lady Rose. The Duchess smiled.

"Yes, the air has been oppressive," she said, and again that scarcely perceptible sigh stirred the lace on her bosom; but it passed in an instant, and her face brightened wonderfully.

"Oh, here comes St. Ormand," she said, as a gentleman on horseback rode up to the carriage.

"Am I never to find your grace at home?" he said, lifting his hat, and bowing low. "Am I always to waylay you in the Park, to save myself from the ignominy of being turned from your door?"

The young man spoke laughingly, but with an undertone of reproach.

The old lady smiled in her sweet, pleasant way, and touched his hand, which rested on the side of the carriage, with the coral tip of her parasol.

"Well, well! do not scold, and you shall be let in. We are meditating a dinner."

The young duke shrugged his shoulders, and glanced at Lady Rose with a smile that seemed to demand her sympathy.

"A heavy family dinner. Oh, your grace, is this to be an atonement for all my long-suffering?"

"It is not to be a family dinner, unless your presence makes it one; but a pleasant little party, in honor of your friend's marriage."

"My friend?"

"Yes; young Hurst, of Norston's Rest. And his piquant little wife. Oh, there is some promise in that. She is as pretty a wild bird as ever escaped from a forest."

Lady Rose turned her eyes upon the Duke as he made this light speech. There was a flush of fire in their blue depths that puzzled him.

"You know her, Lady Rose, I fancy. Did not Hurst find her somewhere in the neighborhood of Norston's Rest?"

"She was born on the estate," answered Lady Rose, generously, "and is by no means wild or uninformed. Sir Noel, a very fastidious man, is proud of her, I think."

"And well he may be. I quite sympathize with Sir Noel; so take my acceptance at once. Your grace, I should be delighted to meet Hurst anywhere, but of all places at your house. He is one of the finest fellows about town. I am more than glad that his wife has secured your

good opinion. She struck me as the most charmingly naive little creature in the world."

The old lady did not seem particularly pleased with these ardent encomiums, for, notwithstanding her kindly intentions, the prejudices of her class were strong as ever.

"Well, now," she said, with a little wave of her parasol, "we will not keep your horse prancing to our slow pace any longer."

"But if I prefer it?" said the Duke, with a mischievous smile.

"Why, then, I should think your horse the most sensible of the two, for he knows the value of liberty," answered the old lady.

CHAPTER XII.

If there is any place in social life at which a highly-bred woman can be distinguished from one of less culture, it is at an English dinner-party in the higher circles. No chicanery there of concealing your impatience, in the noise of a crowd, or of assuming an indifference that you never feel. The only resource for any shortcoming of individual manner, in such cases, is an air of unaffected simplicity. That is in itself a gentle passport to all persons of thorough breeding.

The Duchess could not have put the young wife she proposed to have at Norston's Rest in a more severe than this. In her elegant self-poise she had not given the Duke a thought; but the very directness of her query made Ruth Hurst shrink and shiver. In vain her husband told her that she had but to act naturally, and be known as her own best ornament to pass through that, or any other social ordeal with credit. She was frightened, however, that it was impossible to act naturally; and that the very idea of this dinner became a source of terror to her.

Lady Rose, too, had tried her strength by this one visit, but had come away without a sense of failure that she, too, should be unable to sustain close social relations, two persons who had fallen so cruelly into the happiness of her youth. But the young Duke accepted his invitation with a sense of triumph. He was determined that it should establish a foothold in his grand-parents' house; for, since his first glance at the fair girl she was matronizing, his desire to bestow all the dutiful attentions of a near relative on the old lady, had kindled up with wonderful vividness, at which a quiet smile sometimes crept over the dowager's lips: for she understood all this, and found considerable enjoyment in the knowledge.

That day the old lady descended to her recep-

tion-room in good time, that no guest might be waiting, for, with her, punctuality was an essential of good-breeding. She would have made a lovely picture, could that figure have been taken just as she stood in the richly-lighted crimson of that room, with the soft silk of her delicate gray dress sweeping the carpet, and great diamonds twinkling, like a constellation of stars, in the gossamer yellowness of old lace on her bosom. A white rose, in whose heart a huge diamond quivered, seemed to have fallen, by accident, among the puffs and waves of her snow-white hair. The old lady did, indeed, look like something more vivid, and lovely than any picture of sweet winter years that was ever painted. But, after all, she lacked a touch of color, and was supplying it with a cluster of green leaves and branching violets, which she was carefully selecting from a vase on one of the consoles, when Lady Rose came toward her, rustling in creamy white silk, over which Brussels point fell in billows, and laying her with the silvery light of a child. Hurriedly and there white roses scattered along the roof, and a rope of great, luminous pearls circled her neck, and fell almost to her waist, and twining themselves in the hair.

The old lady had no look of any contrast to the party at the door; for Lady Rose was ever such a creature of color, livelier than those children, and such a pink bud would have been like a flower of her hair.

The old lady looked up to see the flowers she was placing, and smilingly scanned the fair girl from head to foot.

"My dear child, you are beautiful," she said, fastening the flowers to the lace in her bosom. "The atmosphere of London certainly does agree with you. I did not think any child could ever have such a color. You might have stolen it from a rose."

Lady Rose blushed, and her eyes drooped under the faint praise, which she appreciated at its truthful value; for, though a woman of the world, an experience, the old lady was far too perceptive an approach to flattery, even with one's own family.

Before Lady Rose could answer, the first guest was announced, followed by another, and another, until the reception-salon was all aglow with rich colors and smiling countenance.

Among the latest that joined this superb little crowd, came Walton Hurst and his wife, who kept close to her husband, flushed and trembling really like a frightened bird, longing to return to its nest. Her dress of black lace, looped up with steely red cactus flowers, was in rich har-

mony with the peculiar beauty of her face; but in its voluminous gracefulness was lost all the quaint piquancy of her girlhood. Under the trees of Norston's Rest she had been beautiful as a wood-nymph, but in St. Ormand saloons she was only a shy, pretty woman, without the grace of habitual position, or of native freedom. Nothing could be more cordially graceful than her reception; but even that failed to stay her limbs from trembling, or her heart from beating with tumultuous unrest.

In a few minutes the guests were all assembled. Then the pleasant hum of greetings was hushed, and the whole party passed into the dining-room, which opened before them like some picture of still life, gorgeous and dazzling. The table, with its blooming array of flowers, through which bright gleams of gold, silver, and Venetian glass stole up, meeting the sunshine of gas and waxen candles that poured a flood of light over the frescoed walls; the tall buffet, laden down with ancient golden plate, and the draperies of damask silk that swept down the high windows, certainly was a picture of still life; for, though a dozen servants, with silken hose, powdered hair, and gorgeous liveries of silver gray and crimson velvet, stood in a line against the walls, no statues could have been more immovable.

In an instant all this changed; a flood of life was poured into the picture. The perfumed atmosphere was stirred by a movement of chairs, the rustle of silken garments, and a stir of white hands divesting themselves of gloves. Then low, sweet tones of conversation stole in as the courses followed each other, until silver and gold plate gave place to Sevres china, on which was painted fruit and flowers that fairly rivaled the blossoms and hot-house fruit that glowed with them in mocking companionship.

Hurst sat next to Lady Rose; but a strange sadness seemed to possess him. More than once he leaned back between the courses, and seemingly unconscious of the act, lifted one hand to his breast. He spoke with her very quietly of old times at Norston's Rest, pausing now and then to draw a deep breath, as if some pain or memory checked his speech.

Opposite them sat the young wife, distract and anxious. She, too, had her memories, and looking across at Lady Rose, wondered at her own audacity in daring to be the wife of a man who might have been so grandly mated. To the noble who sat next her she gave vague answers, and talked at random; for her large, black eyes were fixed on her husband with something like apprehension.

Lady Rose saw the look, and shrank from it in angry misapprehension. Why had this girl, with her bright, dark beauty, been thrown in her way again? Had she not suffered enough, given up everything that was valuable in life? Was she to be watched, and have every motion scrutinized by those great black eyes, that seemed so full of apprehension, as if some danger lay in the brief companionship of a dinner-table?

These thoughts fired the proud heart of Lady Rose with resentment. The delicate color grew deep and rich in her cheeks. Her blue eyes took the dark, purplish tinge of violets in the shade—a haughty, half-defiant smile gave the faintest glimmer of her teeth to view. She turned to Hurst with all the sweet frankness of old days, challenging him to more sprightly conversation by her own gayety.

He answered this change with a smile, drank off a glass of wine, and dashed aside the pain of thought or body that had kept his spirit in abeyance. His eyes were turned upon the wonderful beauty of her face, fired by an expression she had never seen there before in all her life.

Was that gardener's daughter opposite watching him then? Those large black eyes, were they still scanning her across the table? Jealous, was she? Well, Lady Rose understood what that meant; but the women of her race knew how to conceal such feelings. She had endured, certainly, and buried the humiliating anguish deep in her heart.

The nobleman who sat next Mrs. Hurst was mildly surprised by her singular preoccupation. He was not in the habit of bestowing unappreciated attentions, and her brief, sometimes vague answers to his genial commonplaces astonished him.

"You seem to admire the lady opposite as much as I do?" he said, observing the earnest look with which Ruth regarded Lady Rose. "She is, indeed, lovely."

"As an angel," responded Ruth. "Every day she becomes more beautiful, and good beyond all that."

"You know her well, then?"

"What! I? There was not a person, high or low, within ten miles of Norston's Rest, who did not know, and almost worship, the Lady Rose."

The nobleman smiled. He had found a way of arousing that young creature to animation. Her face lighted up; her eyes, now uplifted to his, flashed with loving intelligence.

"You have always been friends then?" he questioned, smiling at her suddenly aroused attention.

"Friends? Yes—"

Here Ruth faltered, and a look of distress swept her face; but it passed away, and she continued with quiet truthfulness,

"Friends; but not perhaps as you think. She was the young lady of the Rest—I the gardener's daughter."

Nothing seems to astonish a thorough-bred Englishman; but a look of amazement did come into this man's eyes, as he turned them upon that honest, blushing face.

"Of course," she said. "Everything is changed now; and I suppose I may call her the best friend I have in the world."

"Such friendship is an honor to both parties. I am sure," was the softly-spoken answer. "We should never have violets in our gardens, if they had not been transplanted there."

Ruth blushed, and gave him one of those bright, grateful smiles that sometimes lent startling beauty to her face.

"You are kind," she said. "Mr. Hurst would be pleased to hear any one but I say this. He is looking this way, as if he were richly rewarded him. Oh, my Lord, tell me, is there not something strange about his face?"

The young wife spoke curiously, as if she was growing pale with alarm.

"The young gentleman is very fair, I suppose, well, or strong," was the thoughtful reply.

"You see it, then, my lord. You can easily observe how much he has changed. But I am so easily frightened."

"That is not strange," said the nobleman, casting another searching glance at his guest.

"Of course, it is all natural, that the brightness of his face should change."

"Well it may," thought the nobleman, looking down upon the young wife with quickened sympathy.

"There is something fearful to me in the redness in his cheeks. It seems to me—"

Her companion knew that it was difficult to consume the frame in which it dwelt; and attempted to change the subject.

It was the eager, restless gaiety that accompanied this conversation, that Lady Rose had remarked with so much suspicion, and received by increased gayety. For the time, a quiet fit of rebellion had seized upon her, and she felt a wild pleasure in flinging back pain for pain.

Hurst, in arousing himself to meet this hasty change, had drained more than a glass of wine, and was holding another to his lips, when iron bands seemed to tighten and break across his chest. The glass dropped, with a crash, to the table, and, instead of wine, his lips were red with blood.

Lady Rose started up with a cry of pain, which was answered, in a sharp shriek from Ruth, who rushed around the table, pushed aside the servants that stood in her way, and received the fainting man in her arms, before any one had time to reach him.

"Bring water, wine, anything that will stop this blood," cried Lady Rose, turning her face, all white with terror, on the gentlemen who crowded around her, as she wiped those half-open lips with the gossamer-lace of her handkerchief. "Will no one do something for him?"

"He must be carried up stairs, my love," said the old Duchess, cutting the general agitation with her calm voice, gently putting Lady Rose aside as she spoke. "Give him up to St. Ormond. Mrs. Hurst," she added, to the young wife, who had held him a reed under the pallid head as he lay there. "We will go up first, and have him in readiness. St. Ormond has already sent a doctor."

The old Duchess' general agitation with her mill-wheel eyes, the old Duchess led her lady friends out of the room with something like order, but took the lady Hurst at the doorway, and drew her aside.

"Take Mrs. Hurst to your room," she said. "You can comfort her so well."

Lady Rose tried to make some reply, but her will to speak failed to move, and with a pitiful cry of despair she turned and mounted the stairs, followed by the old Duchess.

When they met these two young women stood face to face in the dim light, each regarding the other with infinite compassion.

"Oh, my lady, will he die? Will he die?" questioned Ruth, clinging to her arms.

Lady Rose did not answer, but stood there, in the shadowy folds of her dress, like some statue of grief that the snow had fallen on.

"Oh, speak to me, Lady Rose, speak, or my heart will break."

Lady Rose took the trembling creature in her arms, and laid her close to her own aching heart.

"What can I say to you, Ruth?"

"Oh, say that this is not serious; that he will not die, and that you will not leave us again, as you have done, dear lady! When you left the old home, it drove him away. Norston's son is dead, and he is left alone after."

"No, no. It could not have been that. No one need have missed me," said the lady. "I left every one happy there."

"How could we think of happiness? Indeed, my lady, he has never been really happy."

Poor Ruth! Brave young wife! She had known the secret which had caused Lady Rose to flee from her home, and the knowledge had, indeed, rendered entire happiness in her married life impossible. Even in her present distress, she was ready to thrust the broken joy she had known out of sight, rather than wound the pride of that fair girl, who, next to one, had been almost an object of worship ever since she could remember.

"It was only a year—only one little year," she continued, pitifully. "He was ill from the first. I tried to take care of him; tried to blind myself, and think it was nothing, and now he lies up yonder dying, perhaps."

"No, no! It is not so sudden as that. Indeed, he may yet be saved."

Ruth started, and looked with pleading earnestness into the lady's face as she said this.

"Oh, you are not saying that without good reason. You never could be so cruel!"

"Perhaps the blood on his lips has frightened us without cause," said the lady.

Ruth shuddered, and closed her eyes.

"Oh, it was terrible. I had been watching him. Something in his face frightened me!"

Lady Rose remembered her own unworthy thoughts, and a faint flush stole over the pallor of her face.

"The doctor told me that wine was not good for him, and he drank so much, it made me anxious," sobbed Ruth.

"Forgive me, forgive me!" cried Lady Rose, covering her face with both hands. "It was I who encouraged it."

"You! Oh, no, no! I did not mean that!"

"But I was reckless—dangerous in my wild spirits!"

"Hark! Some one is knocking!" cried Ruth. "The doctor has arrived. It may be some one with news."

"Come in," said Lady Rose, harshe with apprehension.

The door opened, and the old Duchess stole into the room. She looked troubled and anxious.

"Is he dying? Is he dead?"

Ruth asked these questions in whispers, as the old lady drew near; but they seemed loud and shrill to her.

"Neither dead nor dying," answered the old lady, with great tenderness. "The fainting fit has gone off, and the physician is with him. Already the flow of blood is checked."

Ruth fell down upon her knees, and gathering the old lady's robe between her shaking hands, kissed it in her passionate reverence.

"Oh, thank you! thank you! It seems as if

an angel had come to comfort us," she exclaimed, turning her eyes upon Lady Rose, and brightening through all her tears.

The Duchess drew her robe softly from the young wife's grasp.

" You must have been in great distress," she said; " but there is no immediate cause. I have seen him myself."

Here Ruth, who still knelt, leaned forward, and kissed the little hand that was lifted caressingly to her head, in gentle response to so much feeling.

" Can we go to him now, dear lady?"

" Yes, I think the physician is going out now. See him, if you like, but only in company of Lady Rose, who must be responsible that you neither talk much, nor go in with tears in your voice."

Lady Rose did not lift her eyes, or attempt to speak, but her heart swelled, and a smile parted her lips.

When Ruth had wiped the tears from her eyes, and taught her breath to come without a great burden of sobs, she followed Lady Rose into the room where her husband was lying. Here the old Duchess left her, and went down to her guests, with bland smiles upon her face, but disturbed by more excitement than she had known in many a day.

" How like--how wonderfully like!" she thought, pausing upon the stairs, and pressing one hand unconsciously to her bosom. " No wonder those young things love him so. I cannot find it in my heart which to pity most."

Meantime Lady Rose and Ruth had entered the great chamber where Hurst was lying upon a couch, very still, and with his eyes closed.

Ruth stole softly across the room, knelt down by the couch, and took his hand in hers. He opened his eyes, turned a little on the cushions, and gave her a faint smile.

" Walton! Oh, Walton! are you better?"

" It is nothing!" he answered, and his voice was faint as the smile had been. " There is nothing to be alarmed about. Why do you tremble so?"

" Tremble! Oh, that is nothing, either," answered Ruth, remembering that she was to appear cheerful. " But you do not see Lady Rose."

" Lady Rose!"

Hurst struggled up from the cushion, whose deep rich color gave a glow to his face that concealed its pallor, and held out his hot hand.

" Ah, Rose, it seems like old times to have you here."

Old times! How vividly they all came back

upon her. She felt a rush of tears coming up from her heart, but choked them back, and would not even permit them to shake her voice, as she answered him.

Hurst sank back upon the cushions, still holding her hand.

" The physician they would send for, orders me to leave town at once," he said.

How cold her hand was; but that might come from the burning fever in his, to which things of moderate heat seemed like ice.

" You have let this poor child grieve you," he said, turning a fond look on Ruth.

There was no sting in that look now for the Lady Rose. The exaltation of a great resolve inspired her; and she, too, looked down upon the young wife, smiling.

" But where shall we go?" quoth Ruth.

" They talk of my native air," answered Hurst.

" Norston's Rest!" exclaimed Ruth. " But that would not be like home, with the Lady Rose."

Hurst lifted his eyes to the fair wife, eyes so full of yearning entreaty that her own filled with tears.

" Perhaps she will go with us," he said. Lady Rose could not speak, but tearfully.

Hurst understood the meaning of her gaze, fusal, and the expectation in his eyes increased gloomily.

" It has never been like home since you left it, Rose. Could you not endure it for the little time—"

She knew what he was about, and for a moment the very breath left her body. Then she turned, with a faint, pathos-laden smile, her lip, and knelt down by Ruth.

" Yes, Walton, I will go to Norston's Rest, and the old days shall come back again."

" For a little time," murmured Ruth, closing his eyes. " For a little time."

Neither of the listeners heard the words he uttered, but the faint quiver of his features, and a glimmer of tears on his eyelids, told of a painful explanation that went to their hearts. But slowly he turned upon the cushion, and a desire to stifle away the impression his despondency had made: but this attempt at hopefulness was more depressing than complaint, and he could have left the room.

CHAPTER XIII.

" So you are determined on this strange visit, spite of all my protests. You will run away in

the very height of the season, and when you know that I am dying to keep you here."

"To keep me," answered the old Duchess. "How long is it, St. Ormand, since you have become so intensely interested in my society?"

The young Duke cast a laughing glance on the demure face of the old lady.

"What if I should say, ever since a certain blessed old lady has been so intent on keeping Lady Rose Houston out of my sight. Did she wish to repel me, or is it a quiet way that she has of saving a man's feelings from a direct rebuff? I am quite at a loss. Perhaps your grace might enlighten me."

"If my grace has kept you from making a fool of yourself, you should be grateful," answered the old lady, who was exceptionally busy with her embroidery; for St. Ormand had surprised her by suddenly calling, and had quietly forced himself into the Lady Rose's room, that would have been closed up in the liveliest times.

"But I am not grateful. Not, indeed, is when his wishes are interfered with," he said. "Here you are, however, and I have had, in many weeks, and I have no more access to you than a stranger."

"Well?" questioned the provoking old lady, who loved the handsome nobleman before her better than any human being that lived.

Here the Duchess gave a perceptible jerk to the skein of worsted in her hand, breaking some of the threads. The young man laughed under his breath.

"There is no life, or the world is immortal," he said, "and I am bound in the language that I have uttered it."

"St. Ormand," said the old lady, with a mischievous gleam in her eye. "Being my own master, and I am a very inexperienced, I will speak to you. While I have a young lady for protection, no gentleman of an age to make goose of himself, can give relationship as an excuse for claiming the run of my house."

There, now. You are angry with me," said the young Duke, approaching the lady with the increasing air that had won many a privilege from her in his boyhood.

"I do not," he knew how dearer than all else that one word is to me, you never would say to me, young man, with real feeling.

A smile crept into the eyes of that fine old lady. Following the impulse of the moment, she held out her right hand. Then ashamed of the gentle emotion, he sat down, and became very busy with her worsteds.

St. Ormand dropped on one knee, stretched the tangled skein upon his hands, and held it toward her, as he had done a hundred times when a school-boy.

She took a thread of the worsted, which broke to her touch; gave him a dainty little box on the ear; then leaned forward, and kissed him on the forehead.

"St. Ormand, you never will be anything but a boy."

"Lady mine, I never mean to be anything else to you."

It is a very pleasant thing for a nice old lady who keeps a young heart in her bosom, to hear soft speeches from the lips she loves best, even when there may be some transparent object in view. There was not a shrewder brain, or a more loving nature in all England than that of the old Duchess; but it was the easiest thing in the world to baffle all her worldly wisdom by one appeal to her affections.

While the young man knelt before her, moving the scarlet web to and fro with his hands, he said,

"Now, that we are good friends again, tell me why it is that you insist on keeping the Lady Rose like a bird of Paradise, in a golden cage, which I am never to approach?"

The old lady looked into his smiling eyes with all the innocence of a white rabbit.

"You accuse me of making the young lady a prisoner," she said, "as if I interfered with her movements."

"Of course you do, or we should have been the best friends in the world by this time. Seriously, now, your grace has been too hard upon me."

"Because I will not make myself a party to some romantic flirtation that you have set your fancy upon."

The young Duke colored with displeasure.

"Can you connect such an idea with the Lady Rose, or dream that I could do so?" he said, dropping the worsted on his knee, and looking at the dowager with unusual gravity. "I thought you had given me credit for more respect to a guest of yours."

"And so I do, St. Ormand," answered the old lady, throwing off her shrewd, bantering air.

"But just now I would rather have that than anything more serious."

"But why? You have always wished me to marry."

"To marry? Yes. The St. Ormands are of a race that must not be permitted to die out, or choose their wives rashly. The woman you make my successor must have noble qualities."

"To match mine, or my ancestors?" questioned the Duke, smiling.

"To match all that you are, and your ancestors have been," was the proud but gentle answer. "There must be no boyish impulses when a new Duchess of St. Ormand is chosen."

"Can your grace point out any qualification which the Lady Rose does not possess?"

"I am not speaking of the Lady Rose in that connection at all," said the dowager, demurely.

"Has she not birth?"

"Yes, an earl's daughter may be said to have that."

"High breeding?"

"Good breeding comes, of course, with high birth, and with the social advantages and education that accompany it."

"Perfect grace?"

"Yes," replied the Duchess, drawing out the word with seeming reservation.

"In short, is she not beautiful as an angel?"

The old lady shook her head gently before she answered. "People differ so much in their opinions of angels."

"Is she not everything that goes to make a proud, sensitive, good woman?"

"Well, I do not dispute that."

"What is lacking, then? Why will your grace persist in looking coldly on me when I speak of her?"

"Because, my son, there is one thing more important than any quality you have yet mentioned."

"What is that, your grace?"

"Love!"

A flash of crimson swept the Duke's face, his eyes grew soft and earnest.

"Without that, lady mine, there will be no future Duchess of St. Ormand."

The old lady nearly broke down in the course she was pursuing; her hand fell caressingly on the young man's shoulder. The smile she forbade to her lips shone through a tender mist in her eyes. After all her experience, the Duchess was a bad dissemler.

"Grant me permission to say as much to the Lady Rose," pleaded the Duke.

"That she may open her blue eyes in wonder at the haste you have made."

"I think she will not be so very much surprised."

"Who can measure the arrogant vanity of youth?" exclaimed the lady, holding up her hands in mock astonishment.

"Now, you know I don't mean that. I am no conceited fool."

The Duchess shook her head, and said,

"I tell you, boy, there must be ages of devot-

tion before this wild fancy can find acceptance from my fair guest, if she ever does think of you."

All the brightness went out of the Duke's face. He arose from his knees, and began to pace the floor, excitedly.

"You think there is no hope then?"

The old lady shook her head again.

"You are aware? You know, perhaps, of some engagement?"

"Nothing of the kind. Lady Rose has but just come out, remember."

The young man's face kindled.

"In spite of yourself you give me hope," he said.

"It is in spite of myself if I do anything of the kind," was the answer. "Now, take an old woman's advice, and curb this impetuosity. A man of seven-and-twenty can afford to wait. Don't ruin your chances—if you have any—by being in too great a hurry."

"I cannot wait in suspense like this. I can bear anything but that."

The old lady looked up at him with this impetuosity. It was the very spirit of impetuosity to inspire; but she was determined to check it, in order that it might grow into a surer and more persistent feeling.

"Sit down here, St. Ormand," said she, sweeping a litter of floss silk off the sofa, "and I will give him a place on the couch. I will sit up, you see, down, and I will tell you all about it. I used once when I was young, and rather foolish, to think you are."

The Duke seated himself, and the old lady went on with the deunre gentleness of a kitten, not even looking up at him.

"Children are fond of flowers, I know. At any rate, I loved them with a passion. One of my fancies, and I had many, was to have the old gardener set aside a corner of the rose-garden as my own, for which I had a sort of ownership, and all the time I had a flower-gardening taste. One day the old man brought me a rose-bush, full of blossoms, and I asked him for blossoms. I placed the bush in a corner of my own room, where the bright June sunshine fell upon it, kindling up buds and leaves into ravishing beauty.

She paused now, and fixed her eyes full on St. Ormand.

"This was not enough. I wanted something better. It seemed to me forever that the rose-bush would open. This was all. It grew too slowly for my impatience. In the anxiety of my ignorance I was tempted to help Nature, and tore open the bud with my white hands.

"Well," cried the Duke, impatiently.

"One delicious draught of fragrance, a look,

into the torn heart of the bud, was all I got in exchange for the rose I had ruined."

The old lady took up her embroidery as she finished speaking, and went diligently to work making other rose-buds on the canvas.

"But human hearts are not roses," said the Duke, willful in his passion as she had been.

"They are very like them."

St. Ormand was pacing the room, restlessly. He approached the window, and, looking out, cried,

"There is your guest mounting her horse for a ride in the Park, with no one but a groom in attendance. Good-morning. I shall certainly join her, and remember your pretty lesson, if I can."

The next minute, St. Ormand was on his horse, that stood waiting at the door; and the old Duchess thrust her needle through the heart of a mock rose-bud, and, folding both hands in her lap, sent a low, pleasant laugh after him.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE ROSE OF DEATH.—A LEGEND.

BY ELIZABETH BOUTON.

AMONG lone mountains resting,
A verdant summit cresting
Rose an ivied abbey in the days of yore;
Near where billows breaking,
Mournful music making,
Woke unceasing echoes along the rocky shore.

From the hate of tyrants, cruel, fierce, and strong;
From the rage of tyrants, fierce, and strong;
From the curse of tyrants, fierce, and strong;
Lived serene and tranquil, apart from scenes of wrong.

With pitying hearts and sorrowing, loved here to fold their
Peace and quiet, finding
From Satan's wife, and boding
Their peaceful hearts the rapture that from such converse
sprang.

Then—peace and purity,
Were passed in calm security.
While the busy world was shaken with violence and wrong,
From Death put off his terrors,
Sad fruit of human errors,
When for the quiet abbey he quit the jarring throng.

While all the abber slumbered,
He stole and laid a snow-white rose upon the sleeper's breast,
Then vanished from the portal,
And left a glad immortal,
Released from earthly fetters to seek a heavenly rest.

Then—silence, on history's pages
No more pages, no more numbers,
He stole and laid a snow-white rose upon the sleeper's breast,
Then vanished from the portal,
And left a glad immortal,

Released from earthly fetters to seek a heavenly rest.
Then—silence, on history's pages
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Then—silence, on history's pages
No more pages, no more numbers,
He stole and laid a snow-white rose upon the sleeper's breast,
Then vanished from the portal,
And left a glad immortal,

Released from earthly fetters to seek a heavenly rest.

Time sped, and seasons ending,
Still found the votary bending,
Above the glowing canvas, wherein his soul was laid,
In many a glorious vision,
Fair form, and scene ely-ian,
By poet soul created, and artist hand portrayed.

Till once from slumber waking,
His drowsy senses shaking,
From the bewildering fancies his sleeping thought that fed,
He saw, or was he dreaming,
A radiant figure seeming
To bend with loving aspect above his lowly bed?

Eyes full of wonder raising,
Absorbed in silent gazing,
He lay until the vision had faded quite away;
Then shrank before its power,
For lo! death's snowy flower,
In fresh and dewy fragrance upon his bosom lay.

Oh, not for me this token!
He sighed in whisper broken,
Death could not mean to summon me from my work, I
know.

He surely sought some other,
Some worn and weary brother,
My dearest task's unfinished—I cannot, will not go.
And with swift footsteps creeping,
To where serenely sleeping,

An aged man lay folded in deep and dreamless rest;
And though each sense was failing,
With some strange influence clutching,

He laid Death's floral signal upon the sleeper's breast.

Next morn a band of weepers,
Were gathered round two sleepers
Pale forms, whose deathless spirits since yesterday had
gone;

One wrinkled, bent, and hoary,
One in young manhood's glory,
Each in the silent midnight had passed from life and光荣,
One lay with meek hands clasping
An ivory cross, one grasping

A penit, with cold fingers locked in unending rest;
One head with dark locks crested,
Upon his easel rested;
One on a snowy pillow, death's flower upon his breast,

And much the good men wondered,
Why that young life was snuffed out.

And why the white-haired brother alone death's flower wore,

But when life's thread was severed,

Death's fragrant white rose never

Was found on pulseless bosom within that abbey man.

EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARTMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, this month, a morning-dress for a middle-aged lady, and the material may be either

the centre. The bodice is plain, with a deep ruffle collar, cut on the bias. The robe buttons the entire length of the front, in the centre of a wide band, which is added on to the breadth. The material of our model is a striped percale,



a striped mohair, cambric, percale, or calico. The form is Princesse. The skirt terminates with a deep gathered flounce, cut on the bias, and headed by a cross-band, put on with the machine-stitching. The flounce is a part of the dress, there being no skirt under it. The pockets have a cross-band at each end of them, and a button in



in chocolate-brown and white. Twelve yards will be required. Percales can be bought at from eighteen to twenty-five cents

On the opposite page we give a mourning costume, made of black tamis, trimmed with English crêpe. The under-skirt has three flounces, five inches deep, the upper one finished with a heading to stand-up. These flounces are simply hemmed across the front breadth. There is a band of crêpe, pointed at each end; these lap exactly in front, where they are fastened by a button; a button is also added at either end. The Polonoise is cut double-breasted. The revers and cuffs of the sleeves are of crêpe, also the bands on the sleeves and the waistband. The only trimming on the bottom of the Polonoise is a thick cord of crêpe. One yard of English crêpe, and sixteen yards of tamis will be required. The latter material can be bought from seventy-five cents to one dollar and fifty cents, double width. Crêpe is expensive; but a good one wears well, and is the cheapest in the end.



Above, we give a striped percale for a Miss of twelve or fourteen years of age. The under-skirt is perfectly plain; the over-skirt is very short in front, and the back puffed. The peculiar loop-

ing of the back breadth is done by leaving one width quite long, and catching it up to the waist on the left side. The basque is round and plain, finished with a binding of the percale. The sleeves are slightly fulled into a narrow band, from which there is a narrow frill. Both simple and pretty for a young girl. Ten yards of percale will be required.

Next we give a suit for a boy of six, of which we engrave the back and front. This suit is made of tweed, trimmed with black braid. The



jacket has a sailor collar, and is confined round the waist with a band, to match the loose trou-



sers at the knee. These can be made of white pique, trimmed with either black or white braid.

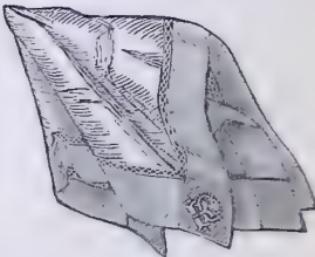
Next is a costume of brown Holland, for a girl of eight years. It will look very well trimmed with fine black worsted braid, put on in groups, as seen in the design. There is a plaited flounce, four inches deep, across the back, sewed down with several rows of the braid to match. The front breadth is trimmed "en tablier," as may be seen. The loose blouse is belted on at the waist, with a sash tied at the left side. A sailor

collar and deep cuffs, all trimmed with the black



braid. Smoke pearl buttons are most used for these costumes.

Handkerchiefs, in the style of the accompanying cut, are now very fashionable. The border is of plain or striped linen, (colored,) and is fastened down with hem-stitch, the threads being



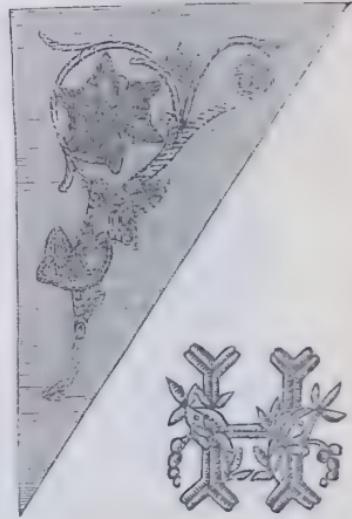
drawn on the white centre. Work the initial, or monogram, on the extreme edge of the corner, if the border is of a solid color; if striped, work above the border, in colored cotton to correspond.

EMBROIDERED CORNERS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



We give, here, two embroidered corners: also, two initial letters. The first of the corners is embroidered in satin, overcast, and chain-stitch, with three shades of brown purse-silk on a ground of brown cloth, the star outlined with black silk cord.



The second of the corners has an applique of dark-gray cloth on a pale-gray ground, the figures being outlined with black silk cord, sewn on with white silk; the tendrils and the contour of the star are worked with gold cord.

PATTERN FOR VALANCE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We give, in the front of the number, a pattern for a Valance, which may be used for a Bracket, etc., etc. It is of scarlet, or red cloth, with appliques of white; or the cloth may be gold, barred across with black silk.

GIRL'S CROSS-OVER FICHU, WITH APRON-FRONT.

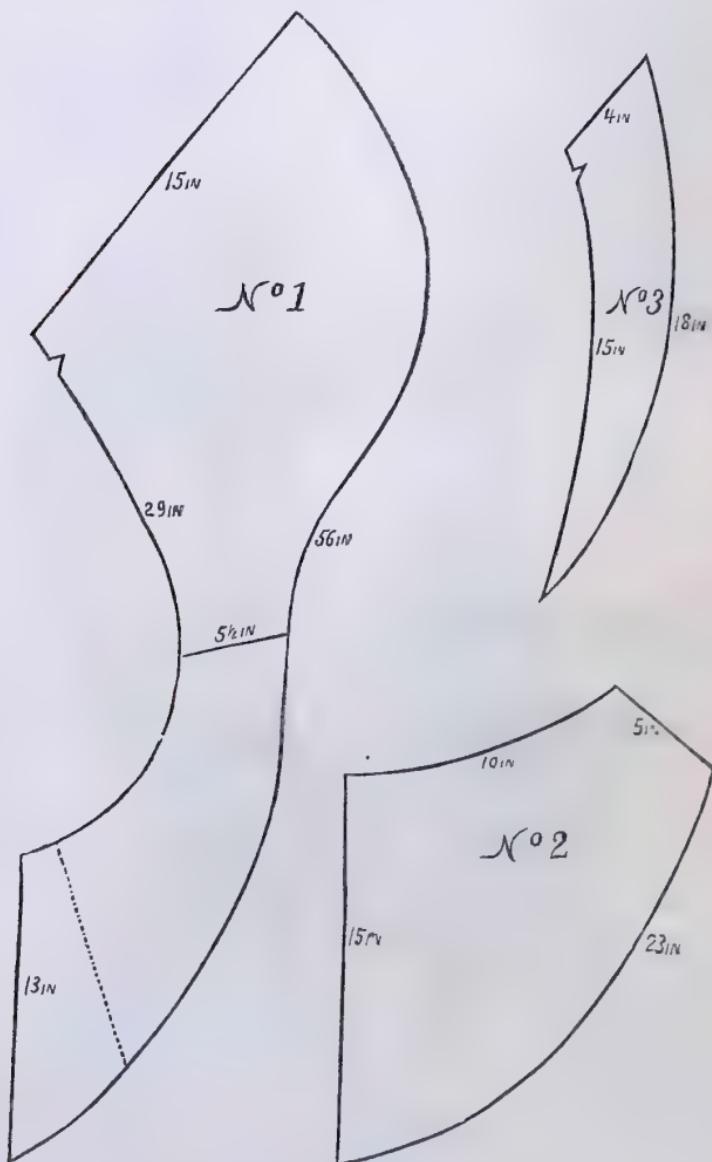
BY EMILY H. MAY.



We give, this month, an illustration of one of the pretty fichus, now so much worn; and also a diagram by which to cut it out. This fichu is a cross-over one, for a girl, with an apron-

No. 1. Half of fichu crossing over and forming the back; the dotted line shows where it turns over at the back.

No. 2. Half of apron-front, put on a waist-band, fastening at the back.



No. 3. Half of collar. The notch in collar and cashmere, and trim with fringe. We give the
fichu correspond. Make of blue, brown, or black front and back views of the fichu.

BABY'S BOTTINE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

MATERIALS.—One ounce of white Berlin wool, half an ounce of colored, four knitting-pins, No. 16 bell gauge.

Cast on fifty-five stitches with colored wool, divided between three of the knitting-pins; close in a round, and purl two rows.

3rd round with white wool. Knit two together, knit three, wool forward; knit one, wool forward; knit three, knit two together. Repeat four times more.

4th row: Plain knitting.

Repeat these two pattern rows three times alternately, so that the decreased as well as the separate stitches between two stitches made by the thread, may be always exactly over each other. Then work with colored wool again one row plain, then two rows purled; then work with white wool the leg of the sock, and continue to knit plain. The little single colored stitches are knitted in at intervals of five plain white rows, and at the regular distances of three stitches. The rest is worked as a common stocking. Make a seam; for this knit one plain and one purled alternately, and decrease after every twenty rows both sides of the seam in regular distances of three stitches, until the number will be nineteen, and forty-three will remain. When the



leg is nearly long work with the eighteen middle stitches of the row the front of the shoe of which is the same stitch—are used next for the heel of the shoe part in colored wool. Begin now with these eighteen stitches twenty the heel with the little edge which inclose the row turned up, where, of course, the little shoe part all round. Cast on upon three knitting-needles sixty-nine stitches of colored wool, and knit four round plain, so that the purl side appears; then take the first row of the heel, knitting twenty-one stitches in with this little stitches remain upon the needle until afterward, The twenty-one remaining stitches—the middle roll part, and finish the heel in squares of knit

three, purl three, which, when you have knitted three rows, must be reversed; knit twenty-one rows in this manner, and then three more rows to appear all purled; then halve the stitches, place the two needles together, and cast off, taking a stitch from each needle, which forms the heel. Then knit the little toecap in the same manner, taking the centre stitches of the roll, and leaving thirteen stitches on each side; knit six rows, which forms two squares; then decrease one stitch at each and every alternate row, till only twelve remain, which cast off. To

finish the unlerpart of the shoe—still in colored wool—pick up the stitches along the bottom part of it, and knit the squares as before, taking one stitch of the roll and the white sock together, turn back and decrease one stitch to keep the number even; continue in like manner every row until you have knitted to the toecap, then knit three more rows, and decrease every alternate row to correspond with the front; cast off and sew the parts together, stitch by stitch, on the wrong side; crochet a chain, tie some little tassels, and place them in the bottine.

BORDER FOR TABLE-CLOTH.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

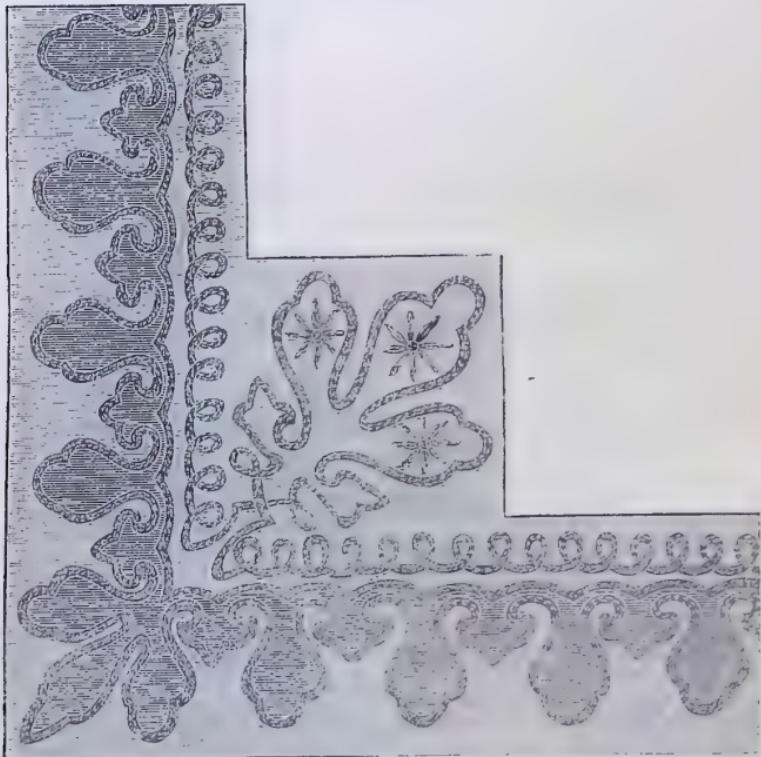


Table-cloths, in colors, are now quite fashion-
able. We give one, which is to be worked in
applique and embroidery, as seen in the pattern
engraved above. The color of the cloth, of the
embroidery, etc., should be in harmony with
the room where the centre-table is to be placed.

EMBROIDERED MATCH-BOX.

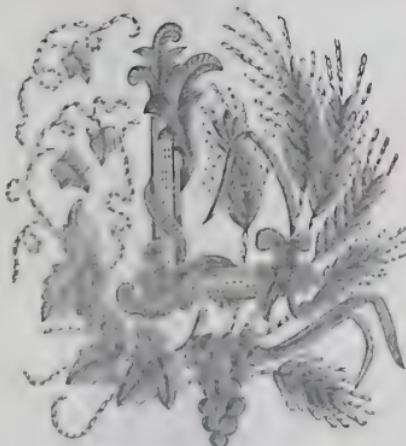
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



The box is made of cardboard, covered with black leather, and ornamented with an embroidery, worked on black satin, with purse silk of various colors. We add the pattern for the embroidery, full size below. The design is an unusually handsome one, it will be seen.



INITIAL LETTER FOR HANDKERCHIEF.



JET NECKLET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



We give, above, an illustration of a very pretty jet necklet. The outside contour is composed of several rows of small jet beads stitched together. In the inside seven rows, which mount as a ladder upon the bodice, consist of single rows of beads, increasing in length as they ascend: while the double row, from which the cross is suspended, encircles the throat. The necklace terminates with tassels of jet beads. These necklaces are very fashionable just now.

NAME FOR MARKING.

Ildaa

THE NEW-FASHIONED THROATLETS.

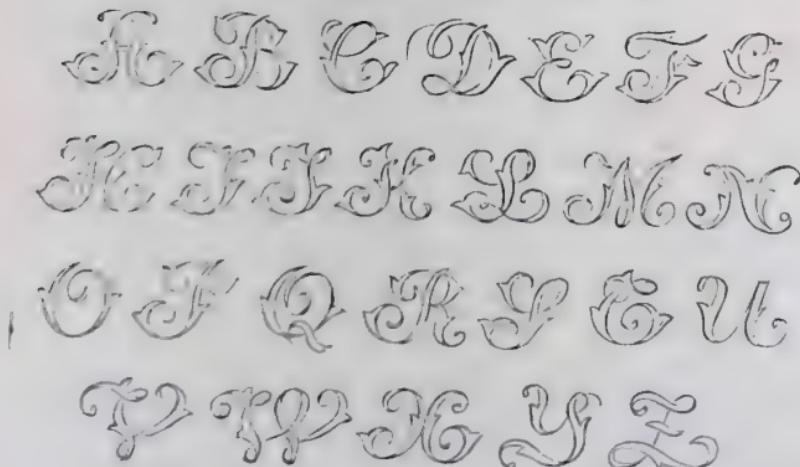
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



We here give an engraving of a throatlet to be made of black velvet and pearls. The velvet encircling the throat is lined with white satin, and worked with tiny pearls. The ornament depending from the front consists of pearls of various sizes. Roman pearls, of course, are used.

Also a throatlet of black velvet, gilt, and enamel. The black velvet encircling the throat is lined with white satin and studded with gold and enamel stars. A single end of velvet falls in front, and terminates with a gold and enamel ornament.

ALPHABET FOR MARKING.



EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT

THE LATE HOURS kept up at Evening Parties are greatly to be reprobated. It is quite customary, at least in our large cities, for dancing to be maintained until long after midnight. Considering that gentlemen have to be at their business, at, or before, nine o'clock in the morning, it is evident that, if they remain up at a ball, or party, until three or four, they are too fatigued to go freshly to work, as they ought to do. Young girls can lie a-bed, until they have rested, that is, if their mothers choose to do their work for them; or are rich enough to have servants to do it. But the young lawyer, or doctor, or merchant, or clerk, must be at his store, or office, punctually, or else others will get his customers. It is eminently true, at least in business, that "the early bird catches the worm." We say nothing, in all this, as to the injury which is given to health. Yet it is easily demonstrable that to go to bed long after midnight; to rise after insufficient sleep; to work all day in a half-awake condition, is slowly, but surely to undermine the health. Only the strongest constitutions can stand it, and even they must, in the end, become more or less impaired. These late hours at parties "burn the candle," as the old adage has it, "at both ends."

The truth is, we are attempting, in a republican country, where all, except a very few, have to work for a living, to copy the social customs of courts, where all are rich, and idle, and take amusements, therefor, for something to do. Wealthy as many families are, at least in our great cities, the sons have to look forward, as a rule, to some occupation, since the fortune of the father, when divided at his death, is not sufficient to keep them in the style in which they have been brought up. You can count on your fingers, at the most aristocratic parties in Walnut Street, Fifth Avenue, or Beacon Street, the very few young men who have large incomes independent of some profession. All the rest are either lawyers, bankers, or merchants. None of them, therefore, ought to stay up, dancing, until two or three o'clock in the morning. Do young ladies, who desire to dance the German, and keep these late hours, think of this? Or do they forget that men cannot lie a-bed until noon, or afterward, and then dash about, on sofas, all day subsequently, resting? Let us be sensible. Let us give up imitating the idle aristocracies of Europe, in the character of our entertainments, especially these late hours. Let us return to the more sensible examples set by our grandfathers, who went to bed comparatively early, and were always, in consequence, fresh for work the next day. We are not long-descended nobles, with fabulous rent-rolls. Do not let us, therefore, be such shams as to live as if we were.

THE PICTORIAL SOUVENIR is the title of a new collection of engravings, twenty-five in number, which we offer for 1875, as a premium to persons getting up clubs. Instead of the "Washington's First Interview With His Wife," if they prefer it, "The Pictorial Souvenir" is a companion to "The Gems of Art," which has been so popular. This is a rare chance to obtain twenty-five first-class steel plates.

TWENTY YEARS.—A lady writes:—"I have taken your magazine for twenty years, and I hope to take it as long as I live."

CHEERFULNESS is often better than beauty. A handsome face, with a bad temper, is not the most comfortable thing to have in a house.

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CRETONNE APPLIQUE WORK is one of the newest and prettiest of the several kinds of fancy work now so fashionable. It requires a good deal of taste and skill, however, on the part of the worker. Neatness in cutting out the birds and flowers from the cretonne is particularly desirable, still we must have thousands, perhaps tens of thousands of subscribers, who are sufficiently tasteful, skillful, and neat for this kind of work, and therefore it may not be wise, perhaps, to give a description of the method. The best plan is to select the cretonnes yourself according to the style you wish to make. A friend of ours is working a table-cover border in this work on pale-blue silk. She has a bayard of several different cretonnes, on which were birds, flowers, butterflies, and dragon-flies in many shades of purple, blue, and rose. These were all cut out with sharp-pointed scissors, laid on the silk (which was first lined with white cotton) and sewed over in silk of the color of the bird or flower. Thus if you are working over a gray bird with scarlet feathers, you work it over with shades of gray and scarlet. If you are working over a pink rose, you use shades of pink silk, dark toward the centre of the flower, and at the extremity of the leaves, where they are supposed to catch the light. The more highly finished the details are, in cretonne the fewer are the stitches required in sewing over; but if a coarse, badly-finished cretonne is used, filling-in with colored silks is troublesome, and requires much artistic taste to be effective. Borders on this work look best in flower-pieces, with a large central flower resting here and there on one of the blossoms. The great art is in arranging the objects so that each shall be seen to the best advantage—placed neither too close together, nor too far apart. The lower border, if the work is to be a table-cover border, is finished with a hem. If it is to be a cushion this is not necessary. It is most interesting work to those who have a good eye for color, and a knowledge of Berlin wool-work.

"THE LEAD OF ALL"—The Marco (Ill.) News says of this periodical:—"It seems to be taking the lead of all the magazines, at present. And without good reason, as we can admit on examining it. It contains more valuable matter than some of the \$1.00 magazines, and yet it costs only 25 cents a year, postage paid by the publisher."

THE NEW FASHION of wearing a trim, full-skirted skirt, and making the skirt itself very narrow, is not yet very popular. We do not think, it is likely to be, however. Do not follow it, too strictly, unless you are sure you will look well in it.

"SADLY MISSED."—A lady, writing from Tivoli, N.Y., says:—"My only offering, this year, to my school, is a small contribution given to my reading society. 'Wear your kirtle' was fully missed in my public lecture."

GO ABOUT DOING GOOD is a Scriptural injunction. Do you do it? Nothing will make you a better and more useful, or render you more popular, than to help others.

BED-TIME PRAYER.—This is an engraving which needs no illustration. It tells its own story of mother-love, and of the influence of early training.

HAS YOUR WIFE, OR SWEETHEART, a copy of "Peterson" for 1875? If she has not, subscribe for her.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS may be made at the price paid by the rest of the club. If enough additional subscribers are sent to make up a second club, the person sending them will become entitled to a second premium, or premiums. Always notify us, however, when such a second club is completed. These additions may be made, moreover, at different times during the year, for back numbers to January can always be supplied. All such additions to clubs, we may as well state here, must begin, like the rest of the club, with the January number. Go on making additions to your clubs.

THE POSTAGE for the year, remember, is included in the price of a club or otherwise, asked for "Peterson" for 1875. That is, it is paid in full, in particular to explain this to our subscribers. When it is remembered that the prices, heretofore, did not include postage (which the subscriber had afterward to pay at his or her post-office) and when it is remembered also that the postage was never less than twenty cents a subscriber, and often more, it will be seen that the club prices for "Peterson" are now really cheaper than ever.

PERSONS BUYING THE MAGAZINE, regularly, of agents, can buy "Washington's First Interview With His Wife," or any other of our premium engravings, by sending fifty cents to us. In other words, the offer is to all subscribers, whether they are on our mail-list, or get "Peterson" of New Agents. We make this statement in answer to numerous inquiries.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Present Renaissance. By Moore and Jordan. Edited by Literary Committee. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Company. Price, \$1.00. This is a good volume, containing a great many interesting articles by popular writers. The principal parts I would like to copy are those of Mrs. Hemans, Mrs. Gaskell, Mrs. Trollope, Mrs. Browne, Mrs. Howells, Mrs. Fawcett, Mrs. G. L. Watson, Mrs. H. C. Hall, and others.

In this first volume there is a very good article by Byron, Scott, Sheridan, Coleridge, Lamb, Irving, Dickens, and others. There is also a very good article by Sir Philip Larkin, from more than 600 years ago. This is the earliest article in the volume, and it is excellent. It is followed by one by Mrs. Hall, which is much more recent.

The remaining portion of the volume is made up of selections from the "Autobiography" of William Jordan, a noted journalist, author, and wit of the earlier part of this century; and these selections also give pleasure to men and women, such as Wordsworth, Mrs. Hemans, etc., etc. In this volume

there is a new feature, which we have not seen before, owing to the popularity of Peterson. It is a selection from the celebrated "Fraser's Magazine." It is a very good article, and it is followed by those of Moore, Sir R. W. and others.

Present Renaissance. By Mrs. Anna R. Stephens. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—One of the many popular books of the year.

We shall have a new edition of it next year. The publishers issue it in a small pocket book, so that it may be carried about with ease. The author has written a number of fine little stories, and this is one of the best. It is a good book, and it will be added to the author's

Hands and Hearts. By Christian Reid. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—It always gives us pleasure to notice the advent of any new author of merit in the field of American letters. Among our younger novelists, the writer of this story takes high rank. This is not, however, her first appearance. She is the author of nearly a dozen earlier fiction, such as "Valerie Aylmer," "The Daughter of Bohemia," etc., etc. But "Hands and Hearts" seems to us to be her best book. The scene is laid, principally, at the Virginia Springs. The entire action of the story is confined to a few weeks, and the interest turns altogether on the fortunes of a young country girl, who makes her first appearance in society at the White Sulphur, and who, being three hours at a time, hardly knows what to do with such an audience of suitors. There are not many characters, in the novels of the day, that can be set against this of Sybil. The heroine is earnest and vivacious, sensible and impulsive, consistent and contradictory; and all in one breath. She is a fresh, bright American girl; who is as pretty as she is young, and a bit of a coquette, perhaps; undeniably fond of education; tempted for awhile by a splendid match; but who is true at heart, and therefore chooses at last the poorest of her lovers, but the one with whom she could clearly be happiest, and to whom she will make a good wife, we doubt not, to the end.

For Men The Madding Crowd. By Thomas Hardy. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Henry Holt & Co.—This novel first appeared anonymously, and as a serial, in an English periodical, where it attracted an unusual degree of attention, principally because some critic suggested that it was a new fiction from the pen of George Eliot. A little knowledge of verbal style, however, would have saved the critic from his blunder. It was only necessary to read the first page to see that the author was not George Eliot. Nevertheless, there is a good deal of ability in the book, especially in the delineation of the rustics; there is some sharp analysis, too, of characters of a higher kind; and the plot is full of interest. The work is now acknowledged by Mr. Hardy, the author of "Under the Greenwood Tree," a present-day literary publication. On the whole, however, the story does not show the advance we had expected.

In the Camargue. By Emily Bowles. 1 vol., 8 vo. London: Loring.—The scene of this story is laid in Southern France, in that desolate region, the delta of the Rhone; and as one reads the book, the local color, the Provencal atmosphere, rises vividly before one. The characteristics of the region are so well described, indeed, that, but for its vigorous English, we should think the book a translation.

Peterson's Household Directory, or Things Every One Should Know. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—The character of this book is sufficiently indicated in its title. It is a complete Family Encyclopedia for daily reference, containing nearly five thousand receipts on all subjects, useful, ornamental, etc., etc. An excellent index adds greatly to the value of the work.

The Steward. By Henry Cockton. 1 vol., 8 vo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—A new edition of a once very popular novel. The author, twenty years ago, earned the literary world by storm, with that infinitely comic tale, "Valentine Vox, The Ventriloquist." The present story, though not quite so humorous, is still an amusing fiction.

I Life's Secret. By Mrs. Henry Wood. 1 vol., 8 vo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—The merit of this writer is that her plots are always more or less skillfully constructed. Her depth of character, however, is not so great. But she is very popular, and this is one of her best stories.

Three Hundred And Fifty A Year. By J. W. Pagden. 1 vol., 16 mo. Boston: Loring.—This little book sets forth how the author makes three hundred and fifty dollars a year by his bees, and shows how others may soon do the same; that is, we suppose, with equal luck, and industry.

OUR ARM-CHAIR.

NEVER AGAIN.—We are continually receiving letters like the following; in fact no other magazine, so far as we know, has such friends. "Let me tell you about an experiment I lately tried," writes a lady, "and its result! Mother and I have taken your magazine since 1861; but at the beginning of '75, we thought we would try some of the newer publications, which we accordingly did. But we were not satisfied with them; they only served to confirm us in our belief that there were none like unto 'Peterson.' So, the January number was immediately ordered, and, as I opened it, and beheld its beautiful steel engraving, lovely colored patterns, and glanced at the stories by familiar contributors, 'Peterson' resumed its sway once more. To say nothing of its beautiful patterns, from which I have made fancy and useful articles innumerable, its elegant fashion-plates, pleasant stories, fine poetry, and last, but not least, its useful receipts. Besides all these, its music alone is worth double the price of its yearly subscription. I have two musical Scrap-Books, filled with music, which I have selected from 'Peterson,' sixty-two songs and fifty-four instrumental pieces; all of them pretty and popular, and many of them of recent publication, which could not be purchased in sheet form for less than from forty to seventy-five cents each. But once only have I proved faithless, and *never again* will I waver in my allegiance to dear old 'Peterson'—the 'Incomparable!'

FOR FIFTY CENTS EXTRA. a copy of any one of the beautiful premium engravings of "Peterson's Magazine" will be sent to any subscriber, mail or otherwise, for the year 1875. These engravings are all large-sized, for framing, and are printed from line and stipple, or mezzotint plates, that cost to engrave from one to two thousand dollars each. As the proprietor of "Peterson" owns these plates, he can afford to furnish copies for the mere cost of paper and printing; but, for obvious reasons, he is not willing to sell copies, at this low price, except to *bona fide* subscribers to his magazine. The list of plates is advertised in the January and March numbers.

OUR PREMIUM ENGRAVING for 1875 continues to receive the highest praise from editors and subscribers. It is universally pronounced *the finest ever issued by any periodical*. We give it, as will be seen by our Prospectus, to persons getting up clubs. We also send it to subscribers, but to them alone, *for fifty cents extra*, a price that represents only the cost of the paper and printing. It is a match picture, in size, as well as in character, to "Washington Taking Leave of His Generals." We will send both of these to subscribers, for one dollar. Each of them, at a retail store, would cost five dollars.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted in this Magazine at reasonable prices. "Peterson's Magazine" is the best advertising medium in the United States; for it has the largest circulation of any monthly publication, and goes to every county, village, and cross-roads. Address PETERSON'S MAGAZINE, 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT

BY ABRAM LIVZEZY, M. D.

NO. V.—SCARLATINA—CONTINUED.

SCARLATINA ARGINOSA is distinguished from the simple, or mild form of the disease, by the presence of ulcerations on the tonsils, with a sensation of stiffness and tightness of the throat. The rash is rather more tardy in its appearance, but when it has established itself fully, the heat on the surface is greater than in any other fever, rising oftentimes to 112°. When the slough in the throat comes away, deep, ragged

ulcers follow, with much viscid mucus, and sometimes a considerable portion of each tonsil is destroyed. The fever is frequently attended with delirium at the commencement; and the desquamation, or peeling off of the cuticle, is proportionate to the intensity of the preceding heat, and not unfrequently the epidermis, or outer layer of the skin of the hands and feet, separate in large patches.

This form of the disease is liable to be followed by inflammation of the eyes, running of the ears, abscesses, and general droopy.

In reference to the treatment, there are some indications to be fulfilled which peculiarly belonged to the mother, and which she cannot safely trust to others: for instance, sponging with cold water must be sedulously attended to; and, if possible, cold effusion should be practiced as oft as the intense heat of the skin should return, or indicate its return. Dr. Currie, of England, and Dr. Corson, of Pennsylvania, have actually demonstrated the superiority of the latter, even feed water, sponging over all dry treatment in this disease, where heat of the surface is steadily maintained. The ulcers on the tonsils should be touched twice daily with a lotion of two grains of bichloride of mercury dissolved in one ounce and a half of water, by means of a soft cotton sponge, probing or swab. When there is a tendency to the formation of matter in the tonsils, quinine and aromatic sulphuric acid in camphor water, or in the camphor water, abate the inflammation, or if too long in the application, cause a more energetic formation of the abscess and termination of the disease. The fullness and great enlargement of the tonsils, frequently sudden, may be speedily reduced by the mother applying a linen cloth, wet with camphor water, around the throat. The difficulty of breathing, produced by the enlargement of the tonsils, will generally soon yield, though sometimes it requires the further aid of some stimulating embrocation. In this form of the disease there is always a tendency to rapid exhaustion and debility, after the first excitement occasioned by the inflammatory fever has subsided; and in slight cases, a return of the disease is frequently threatened, especially when treatment has been resorted to.

Now the medicine most suitable to the disease is quinine and aromatic sulphuric acid, in small doses, at least every morning, or better, after the first excitement, thrice daily.

The writer learned the value of this kind of treatment in throat affections, which, though not of the most inflammatory kind, twenty years ago, I witnessed, Dr. Blood, of England. He says, "The knowledge of the beneficial consequences of this mode of treatment of the ordinary affections of the tonsils, has been to me of the highest value in treating the severe affections of the larynx and dental or scarlet fever. The success, indeed, attended it, has, in my mind, deprived it of the name of terror." Let mothers call the attention of their physicians to this fact.

When the tongue has parted with its heavy coat of yellow, and become dry, red, fissured, turpentine, iodoform, or alum, with supersaturation, should be applied, as used by the attendant physician, as in typhoid fever, which heals the mucous membrane of the alimentary canal, stimulates the kidneys, and prevents the subsequent throat and droopy. At the decline of the infection, the following preventive means against drooping effusions are most effectual:

Concluding remarks in next number.

HORTICULTURAL.

FLOWERS IN FLOWER GARDENS.—In England, where flowers are cultivated to a degree quite unknown here, that is setting in favor of the old-fashioned flowers that we used

to see in our grandmothers' gardens. Lilies, larkspurs, phlox, carnations, hollyhocks, cabbage-roses, columbines, and all hardy and sweet-scented shrubs, are fast driving out the calceolarias, the more delicate varieties of geranums, etc., etc. People are beginning to realize that those are only fit for out-of-door gardens which thrive easily and naturally.

Moreover, the ribbon-borders and oil-cloth patterns, which for nearly twenty years, have been all the rage, are now being abandoned, as in bad taste. This is a reform we are glad to chronicle. The style was always a bad one, and introduced by professional gardeners, who called it, in their ignorance, "Italian." Now, real Italian gardens are simply terraces, with the plants suitable to the climate growing in magnificent profusion. There may be a few rare kinds in pots sunk in the ground; some vases may stand on each side of the steps; there may possibly be a large fountain plashing in the centre; but beds cut out of grass, and filled with masses of rose color, would, in Italy, be impossible. *Italians would have too much taste to submit to them.* These beds must ever be inharmonious, because each plant has its own particular foliage to accord with its flowers, and the green of grass round spots of brighter color takes the place of foliage, and, as it is never the natural color, must always offend the educated eye. As for the gardens, which in our crowded suburbs, are supposed to be Italian, because they have a small plaster fountain, and a little bit of rock-work in the corner, with some vases almost as big as the house, our time would fail to tell of them, and our patience would desert us in the description.

Of course, professional gardeners advocated such flower-beds, because they brought money. The flowers would not, as a rule, thrive of themselves: but had to be renewed, continually; and the gardener was there to sell them. Every spring, too, new flowers had to be bought of the gardener, or else started, at considerable expense, involving hot-beds, if not a hot-house. One of the best of the English journals, noticing the reform, says:—"The disappointed gardeners see the border which they had destined for the last new and most hideous pattern of ribbon bordering turned into a lovely plantation of lilies and larkspur, pentstemon and phlox, all allowed to grow at their own sweet will amongst hardy and sweet-scented shrubs. The beds which they had intended to imitate as nearly as possible an oil-cloth pattern are, to their horror, filled with pearl-powdered auriculas, and daphne cneorum, while many a rose carnation feeds with summer spice the humming air; and blue salvia and tree peonies mingle with honeysuckles and poppies. Thank goodness, the days of ribbon-borderings and oil-cloth patterns are numbered. For once fashion has done something to encourage true art."

HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

ACIDS AND ALKALIES FOR HEADACHE.—Dr. Lander Brunton, in a paper published in "The Practitioner," states that the administration of a brisk purgative, or small doses of Epsom salts, thrice a day, is a most effectual remedy for frontal headache when combined with constipation; but if the bowels be regular, the morbid processes on which it depends seem to be checked, and the headache removed even more effectually by nitro-hydrochloric acid, or by alkalies, given before meals. If the headache be immediately above the eyebrows, the acid is best; but if it be a little higher up, just where the hair begins, the alkalies appear to be the more serviceable. At the same time that the headache is removed, the feelings of sleepiness and weariness, which frequently lead the patients to complain that they rise up more tired than when they lie down, generally disappear. Dr. Brunton's long and careful investigations in this direction, render the results of his researches of peculiar interest.

EFFECT OF NERVOUS INFLUENCE ON THE HEART.—Experiments made with much care and precision, show that the circulation of the blood is accelerated or retarded by nervous influences in a manner which before was only vaguely suspected. More recently, the investigations of this subject made by M. Marcy, in relation to the beating of the heart, and its connection with muscular exercise, fever, and the violent emotions of anger, fear, joy, etc., all of which, he says, exercise a direct action on the peripheral circulation, have excited peculiar interest. M. Marcy does not consider variations in the beating of the heart to be due to any change in the activity of the heart itself, but says it is certain that the changes in the general circulation take place under the influence of moral emotions, the face becoming red, or pale, etc. These well-known changes must entail variations in the frequency of the beatings of the heart, so that the power which moderates or accelerates the contractions of the heart, he thinks, can be no other than the contractility of the vessels of the whole body by nervous agency.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

Every receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.

DESSERTS.

A Cheap Pudding.—Peel and core four or five apples, according to their size, cut them in slices, and lay them in a pie-dish; sprinkle them with sugar, pounded, then put a thin layer of apricot or other jam. Take two ounces of arrow-root, mix it with a pint of milk, a little sugar, and a small piece of butter; stir it over the fire until it boils, then pour it into the pie-dish, with the apples and jam, and bake it until done.

Potato-Pudding.—Rout sufficient potatoes to produce half a pound of flour, melt a quarter of a pound of butter with very little water, mix the potato flour and butter well together, rub them with a spoon through a sieve, beat the whole of four eggs, add to them one quarter of a pound of loaf sugar, some nutmeg, then mix all together. Seven drops of essence of lemon will improve it. Line the dish, and put a few pieces of citron at the top.

Spanish Puffs.—Put a quarter of a pound of butter, and half a pint of water into a sauce-pan. Stir it till it boils, and mix in four tablespoonfuls of flour. Stir it well together, and add six yolks and four whites of eggs, two at a time. Let it cool, and, with a dessert-spoon, drop it into boiling clarified dripping or lard.

Cocoa-nut-Pudding.—Grate a small cocoa-nut fine, mix with it one quarter of a pound of butter, one quarter of a pound of powdered loaf sugar, three eggs, and the milk of the cocoa-nut. Bake one hour with paste round the dish. The butter must be warmed so as to mix with the other ingredients.

Quick Pudding.—Scald a quart of milk; take three tablespoonfuls of cold milk, three of flour, and three eggs; rub well together, and pour the batter in while the milk is hot. Then bake half an hour. Butter and sugar, beat to a cream, for dressing; flavor with nutmeg.

Icing Tarts.—Beat the white of an egg till stiff, and when your tart is half-baked take it from the oven, brush it over with the egg, and sift white sugar (not very fine) thickly over it, as you put it again into the oven to complete the baking process.

CAKES.

Ground Rice Cake.—Half a pound of ground rice, four eggs, and enough loaf sugar to sweeten; beat the whole together for twenty minutes; bake in a slow oven.

Bread with Home-made Yeast.—Take seven pounds of flour two quarts of warm water, a large tablespoonful of salt, and half a gill of yeast. Knead the dough well for half an hour, as much kneading makes the bread finer and whiter. In the winter, set the bread in a warm place all night, and in the morning it will be ready to bake. In the summer five or six hours, or even less, will suffice to rise the bread; but in the winter it takes, say from twelve to fourteen hours. If the bread is taken before it has properly risen, the bread will be quite uneatable. The baker will easily know when the dough is fit to be baked, by its sounding hollow, and being very spongy.

Scotch Oatmeal Cakes.—Put one pound of oatmeal in a basin. Take one pint of boiling water, with half an ounce of salt butter or lard melted in it. Pour this, boiling, over the meal, stirring it as quickly as possible into a dough, and then turning it out upon a board, upon which roll it until it is as thin as it will allow to hold together. Then stamp it out into the shape of round cakes. Place these first upon a griddle, to make them firm, and afterward toast them before the fire, alternately on each side, till they are quite dry and crisp.

To Make Unfermented Cakes.—Soak one pound of oatmeal for ten or twelve hours in one pint of sour buttermilk. Then rub one quarter of an ounce of carbonate of soda, and a little salt into one pound of flour, and mix with the oatmeal. Roll it out to any thickness required, and bake in a moderate oven.

Jumbles.—Take three quarters of a pound of flour, half a pound of butter, broken in pieces in the flour, half a pound of grated loaf sugar, and two eggs, beaten; mix all together; divide into small portions; roll them out rather thicker than a pipe, and turn into the figure 8; dust them with a little sifted sugar, and bake.

SANITARY AND TOILET.

Aromatic Vinegar.—Digest in two pounds of acetic acid one ounce each of the dried tops of rosemary and the dried leaves of sage, half an ounce each of the dried flowers of lavender and of bruised cloves, for seven days; then express the liquid, and filter it through paper. Another aromatic vinegar, for sprinkling through apartments, during the prevalence of fevers or any contagious complaints, is made thus:—Take of common vinegar any quantity, mix a sufficient quantity of powdered chalk with it to destroy the acidity; let it stand, and, pouring off the liquid, dry the white powder in the sun, or by the fire. When perfectly dry, put it into a stone vessel, and pour upon it sulphuric acid, as long as white fumes continue to ascend.

To Cure Burns.—By laying a piece of charcoal on a burn the pain subsides immediately. By leaving the charcoal on one hour the wound is healed, as has been demonstrated on several occasions. The remedy is cheap and simple, and certainly deserves a trial.

To Remove Orange Spots or Mud Stains from Black Crepe or any Black Goods.—Wet the spots with pure spirits of hartshorn, and lay in the sun. Continue the process till the object is accomplished.

To Cure a Wart.—Scrape a carrot fine, and mix with salt, and apply it as a poultice five or six nights.

HOUSEHOLD.

Whitening Smoked Walls.—A method of cleaning and whitening smoked walls consists, in the first place, of rubbing off all the black, loose dirt upon them, by means of a broom, and then washing them down with a strong soda lye, which is to be afterward removed by means of water, to which a little hydrochloric acid has been added. When the walls are dry, a thin coating of lime, with the addition of a solution of alum, is to be applied. After this has become perfectly dry, the walls are to be coated with a solution of glue and chalk.

Danger in the Use of Benzine.—We beg to caution our readers against using the liquid called benzine, which is employed so freely for removing grease and stains from clothing, in proximity with flame. A very small quantity is capable of doing irreparable mischief. The contents of a four-ounce phial, if overturned and vaporized, would render the air of a moderate-sized room explosive; and, if ignited, a whole family might be seriously burned, or lose their lives from it. It should never be used in the vicinity of flame; and it is important to remember, that through the medium of the escaping vapor, flame will leap to it through a space of several feet. Benzine is often sold under various fanciful names; and, therefore, any article procured from druggists for removing oil or grease from fabrics, should be handled with the utmost care, and employed only in the daylight, and at a distance from the fire.

To Get Rid of Flies.—The following receipt will get rid of flies:—Mix together one part of black pepper, two of brown sugar, and four of cream; set it where the flies mostly congregate.

FASHIONS FOR MAY.

FIG. I.—WALKING-DRESS OF HAVANA BROWN SILK.—The apron-front is much wrinkled, and is edged with two plain ruffles; below this are four other scant ruffles, bound with velvet of a darker shade of brown. A bias band of velvet attaches the front to the back of the skirt, which is also trimmed with two ruffles like those that edge the apron. A square tunic, trimmed with bias velvet and chenille fringe, falls to these ruffles. The basque is much deeper in front than at the back, is open at the sides, and is trimmed with velvet and chenille fringe. Bonnet of brown crepe lace, trimmed with a white feather and brown ribbon.

FIG. II.—HOUSE-DRESS OF GREEN SILK.—The front is trimmed with one deep ruffle, a narrow and a wide flounce of black lace, and bias bands of the silk. The train at the back is in the Directory style, has a puff at the back, and is ornamented with large buttons. The waist is rounded at the back, pointed in front, and open heart-shaped; that with the sleeves is trimmed with black lace.

FIG. III.—HOUSE-DRESS OF PALE STONE-COLORED MUSLIN.—The skirt is cut, and has a flounce sewn on the lower part, much deeper and fuller at the back than in front, and is headed by a full, wide ruch of violet-colored silk; a second and upper ruch of the violet silk comes quite high on the tourment at the back. The cuirass waist fits over the front and hips, where it is tied back by a broad violet silk sash. Silk of the same color trims the waist and sleeves.

FIG. IV.—WALKING-DRESS.—The skirt is plain, and of dark blue silk. The over-dress is of bluish-gray *de bâge*, and has a collar, waistband, pockets, and cuffs of the blue silk, and is trimmed down the front with two rows of pearl buttons. Gray felt hat.

FIG. V.—HOUSE-DRESS.—The under-skirt is of pink and gray-striped foulard, made without any trimming. The over-dress is of plain gray foulard, cut in points, bound with pink, and finished with a deep fringe. It is made deep in front and at the back, and is draped high up on the right side at the back, and lower down on the left side, with bows and ends of pink ribbon.

GENERAL REMARKS.—We give a beautiful variety this month of novelties: a black-silk tunic and cuirass basque, richly embroidered in jet; a black silk jacket of the cuirass shape, which is striped with jet galoon, and trimmed with a heavy jet fringe. We also give a beautiful open-worked tunic and jacket of écrû muslin, heavy with English embroidery, to be worn either over a black or brown silk skirt. The jabot is of white lace, trimmed with pink ribbons and mother-of-pearl buckles; this is to be worn over a high-necked dress. The two hats are of the very latest styles—

the first is of English straw, trimmed with black velvet and pink plumes, and the second is a broad Leghorn flat, trimmed with a black velvet band and clusters of yellow roses. A veil of the thinnest gauze is fastened at the side, and is sufficiently long to draw over the face if needed.

SPRING TOILETS are now occupying the attention of our leading modistes, and many new materials are on view in their show-rooms. Among these, Armure de Lyon, and a thick make of foulard, take first rank; and there is no doubt but that all over-dresses, such as Polonoises, redingotes, tabliers, and basque bodices, will be quadrille, as the French term it. In plain English, they will be checks or plaids, for squares have evidently taken the place of stripes. Some few of the newest costumes are made entirely of the plaid material; but, for the most part, it is judiciously mixed with plain faille. The plaids are not regular; they do not look like even checks; on the contrary, they are broken and crossed with lines, more like the plaid patterns on tartan scarfs than plain checks. There is great variety in the designs, and, as a rule, the checks are somewhat large; they are either a very dark color with white, or else some shade of beige. A few contain three colors, such as brown and gray, with a pruné stripe; pale-blue and navy-blue, with a still darker blue stripe; while others are navy-blue and white uneven plaid, with plain blue silk for sleeves and skirt. The quadrille silks begin with pin-head checks, and, to suit all tastes, they are manufactured in all sizes up to inch blocks. Some of the new plaid materials too closely resemble the patterns on Madras cotton handkerchiefs to be pretty; consequently, care should be taken in selecting. When plaid and plain silks are both used in the composition of a costume, the skirt is of the plain silk. The tunic, which is cut as a square tablier, is plaid, and the sleeves of the bodice are plaid.

But it is impossible to describe all the fascinating goods, and all the beautiful colors that make the shop-windows so enticing. Common calicoes, chintz, percales, lawns, organdies, dobards, camel's-hair, muslin, pongee, spun silks, grenadines, gauzes, silks of the most bewildering hues, distract one by turns. All tastes, and all purses must be suited. Plaids will be most popular. They are novel at least, but we would caution all but tall, slender persons against their use, except it be plaids of the very smallest dimensions; and only short or medium-sized persons should wear stripes.

MANY LATE PARIS DRESSES are made with but little or no raiming on the skirt; a deep basque or cuirass waist, much needed serving for the ornament. But the ruffled and over-skirts have taken such hold of the fancy of our fashionables, that they will be retained, though somewhat modified form during the summer.

ALL THE SPRING DRESSES, as we have said, show a tendency to less trimming, though the inevitable over-skirt is mostly worn in some shape, but very clinging to the figure. For the house, some dresses with long, narrow trains, have been made. The waist has wide revers, is rather short waisted, and, in fact, looks very much like fashions that were worn just after the French Revolution, and before the Empire style, with its mongrel classic fashion, was in vogue.

A quantity of silver and gilt ornament is to be worn. This looks well, if woven in rich materials; but when silver and gilt braids or beads are used very plentifully, they give a tawdry, theatrical appearance to the toilet.

MANTILLAS of various tasty shapes are being gradually revived, and many black ones are seen over colored dresses, a fashion which has been long extinct. The new casques fit the figure closely, and have a very long, pointed basque in front, which basque also encases the hips where it is shorter. These casques are made of the same material as the dress, and are trimmed with fancy braid and fringe. We have seen a very successful spring costume made in this style, as

follows: The skirt was navy-blue faille, and trimmed at the back with flounces to the waist; the tunic was long and pointed in the centre, bordered with blue fringe, and with silver and blue platted braid. The Sicilienne casque was ornamented with a similar braid. The form of casque that fits the hips very closely is extremely graceful. Another style of make that is most popular consists of a black faille dress with long train, the plait in the centre of the back being very wide and studded with black faille bows; the front is pale-gray matelassé, surrounded with band of black marabout feathers, and fastened down in front. The bodice entirely of gray metelassé, with black sleeves.

BONNETS AND HATS are of such varied shapes that it is quite impossible to describe them. Gilt and silver buckles, beads, and leaves, are seen on some of these, but want the freshness that the sweet spring flowers impart to the bonnets.

LINGERIE.—There is very little, if any, change in lingerie. Linen collars, with large points, are worn during the day, and plaitings of crêpe lisse for evening. Lace neck-ties, arranged en cascade, white gauze neck-ties, trimmed with Valenciennes lace, and foulard neck-ties, likewise edged with lace all round, are all to be seen. Chima crêpe fuchsias are extremely popular; and the newest petticoats for evening wear are overlaid with trimmings—plaitings, embroidery, and lace. It is reported that Byron collars and cuffs will be worn; and that the fashion of wearing linen cuffs outside the sleeve is about to be revived. An effort will be made to bring in colored cambric collars and cuffs, such as blue, brown, and gray, with a flower embroidered at the corners. For the present, the forms that collars take are endless; they are made with small revers, with large revers, with ruches of malsois or muslin inside; while the diversity in cravats is quite as bewildering. Handkerchiefs, with quaint, odd borders, are sought after for morning wear; but lace handkerchiefs are now almost one solid piece of lace, the cambric centre being reduced to infinitesimal proportions. Valenciennes lace is still the favorite, although Mechlin competes with it for popularity.

JEWELRY.—Fashion is very capricious at present in jewelry. Large lockets are no longer to be seen in full evening dress; diamond and pearl necklaces have taken their place, and above the necklace a ribbon, the color of the dress, is tied in front with a small bow. The favorite earrings are large single pearls. Many bracelets are worn at a time, and always two *porte-bonheur* ones in either plain gold, diamond, or turquoise. Lastly, a butterfly, or humming-bird, imitated in precious stones, is always worn on the bouquet that adorns one side or other of the bodice.

CILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—YOUNG GIRL'S DRESS OF FIFTEEN.—The skirt is of Swiss muslin, and has seven ruffles, simply hemmed. The over-dress is of the apron shape, hemmed on the edge. Culrues waist of white silk, striped with white jet galoon. Lace may be employed in place of the jet. The sleeves are short, and the neck square in front, but high on the shoulders.

FIG. II.—BOY'S DRESS OF GRAY DE BEGE.—The skirt is laid in deep plaits all around, except in front, which is of a square apron style. The deep jacket and vest are also of the gray de bege. Gray felt hat.

FIG. III.—LITTLE CHILD'S DRESS OF DARK-BLUE CAMBRIC., edged with white embroidery, above which is a line of white braid. The waist crosses from the right to the left, and is edged with the embroidery.

FIG. IV.—BOY'S COSTUME OF FAWN-COLORED KERSEYMORE.—The trousers reach to just below the knee; and the short blouse is belted loosely with a band of the kerseymore.

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